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ASHTON-KIRK INVESTIGATOR

BY JOHN T. McINTYRE

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CHAPTER V.—Continued.

"Now, you will go with Mr. Curran to police headquarters on the next floor," said he, "and tell them what you have told me about this Antonio Spatola."

Then he opened the door and stepped out.

"Curran," they heard him say, importantly, "I want you to——" then the door closed, cutting the sentence short. Pendleton gazed fixedly at Ashton-Kirk.

"I say," said he, "I'm not up in this sort of thing at all. I've been putting two and two together, and it's led me into a deuce of a state."

Ashton-Kirk looked at him inquiringly; there was expectancy in the investigator's eyes, but he said nothing.

"Perhaps you'll think that I'm all kinds of a fool," continued Pendleton, "and maybe I am. But here are the things that I'm trying to marshall in order. I'll take them just as they happened." He held up one hand and with the other began to check off the counts upon his fingers. "Yesterday you have a visit—a visit of professional nature—from Edyth Vale. Last night she strangely disappears for a time. At a most unconventional hour this morning I find you at her door. Then I learn that you are on your way to look into the details of a murder that you had heard of—somehow. Now I hear that Allan Morris, Edyth's fiance, has been, in rather an odd way, upon familiar terms with the murdered man."

He paused as he checked up this last count, still regarding his friend fixedly.

"I don't claim," he went on, after a moment, "that these things have anything to do with each other. But, somehow they've got together in my mind, and I can't——"

Here the door re-opened and Stillman entered, followed by the big German.

"Just take a chair, Mr. Berg," said the coroner, seating himself at the desk and affixing his eyeglasses.

The German lowered his form into the chair indicated and folded his fat hands across his monstrous paunch.

"Your name in full—is what?" asked Stillman with formality.

"Franz Berg. I seel me delicatessen at 478 Christie Place. I haf been there for fifteen years."

"You were acquainted with the murdered man?"

The delicatessen dealer unfolded his hands and waved them significantly.

"I was aguainted with him—yes. But I was not friendly with him—no. He is dead, ain't it? Und it's not right to say someding about the dead. But he was no friend of mine."

"I understand. But tell me Br. Berg, had late do you keep your place open?"

"In the summertime—seven o'clock. But after dose theatres open, I stays me on the chob till twelve, or later sometimes. There is one—two—three what you call burlesque places, right by me; and no sooner do they close up, than right away those actor peoples come to buy. I do a goot business , so I keep open."

"Then you were there until midnight last night?"

"More later than dat yet."

"Was there any movement of any sort about Hume's place? Did you see or hear anything?"

The great red face of Berg took on a solemn look.

"It is maybe not ride that I should say somedings," complained he. "But if the law will not excuse me, I will say it, if it makes some more trouble or not."

"It is vitally necessary," stated the young coroner, firmly, "that you tell me everything you know about this matter."

"Well," said the delicatessen dealer, reluctantly, "last night as I stood by my window looking oudside on the street, I see me that Italian feller go by and turn in at the side door; a second lader I hear him go up the steps to Hume's place."

"What Italian feller do you refer to?"

"He lifs close by me, a few doors away. His name is Spatola, and he plays the violin the grubstone beside."

"What time was it when you saw him?"

"Maybe elefen o'clock. I am not sure. But it was just a little while before I got me the rush of customers from the theatres."

"Did you notice his manner? Was there anything unusual in his looks?"

"I had only a glimbs of him. He looked about the same as effer. He was in a hurry, for it rained a lidde; and under his coat yet he carried his fiddle."

"If it was under his coat, how do you know it was a fiddle?"

The German scratched his head in a reflective way.

"I don't know it," he said at last. "But he somedimes takes his instrument inside there, und I just get the notion that it was so. Yes?"

"When did he come out?"

The man shook his head.

"I don'd know," he said.

"Do you mean that you saw no one come out?"

"No; I did see someone come out. But first I see me someone else go in."

"Ah! And who was that?"

"I don't know his name; but I had seen him often before. He is a kind of swell feller. He had a cane und a kindy of style."

"And later you saw someone come out. Now, your use of the word 'someone' leads me to think that you do not know whether it was Spatola or the stranger."

"I don'd," said Berg. "I was busy then. I just heard me someone rush down the stair, making plendy noise, und I heard that drunken Hume life to a window, stick out his head and call some names after him. My customers laugh und think it's a joke; but I am ashamed such a disgracefulness to have around my business yet."

"If Hume called after the person who left," said Stillman, acutely, to Ashton-Kirk, "that eliminates one of the callers. It proves that Hume was still alive after the man had gone."

"That is undoubtedly a fact," replied the investigator.

Stillman turned upon Berg with dignity.

"Surely you must have noticed the man if all that uproar attended his exit. You must have detected enough to mark a difference between an exceptionally well dressed man and an Italian street musician."

Berg shook his big head.

"It was aboud 12 o'clock in the night-dime, und my customers besides I had to pay some attention to," stated he.

The coroner was baffled by the man's positiveness.

"Well," said he, resignedly. "What else did you see?"

Berg shook his head once more.

"Nothing else. Putty soon I closed up and went home." Then a flash of recollection came into his dull face. "As I went down the street I saw some lights in Hume's windows. One of them windows was open—maybe the one he sticked his head out of to call the man names—und I could hear him laughing like he used to do when he was trying to make a jackass of some peoples."

The coroner pondered. At length he said:

"This object that Spatola carried under his coat, now. Could it have been a bayonet?"

"No, no," said Berg with conviction. "It vos too big. It vos bigger as a half dozen bayonets already."

This seemed the limit of Berg's knowledge of the night's happenings; a few more questions and then Stillman dismissed him. The door had hardly closed when the telephone rang. After a few words the coroner hung up the receiver and turned to his visitors.

"I think," said he, with a smile of satisfaction, "that I've made the police department sit up a little. They talked to all three of these people before I had them, and didn't seem to get enough to make a beginning. But just now," and the smile grew wider, "I've heard that Osborne is on his way to arrest Antonio Spatola."

CHAPTER VI.

Ashton-Kirk Looks About.

Berg was standing in the corridor waiting for the elevator when Ashton-Kirk came out. The big German mopped his face with a handkerchief, and said apologetically:

"A man can only tell what he knows, ain't it?"

Ashton-Kirk looked at him questioningly, but said nothing.

"To begin dot guesswork business when you are talking to the law already, it is dangerous," stated Berg in an explanatory tone.

"Well," said Ashton-Kirk, "sometimes a good, pointed guess is of great service, Mr. Berg. And," with a laugh, "as I am not the law and not the least dangerous, suppose you make the one that I can see you turning over in your mind."

"Oh," said Berg, "you are not the coroner's office in?"

"No; merely interested in this case, that's all."

The delicatessen dealer looked relieved.

"I don't want to get people in trouble," said he, guardedly. "But this is what I guess. Late every night, about the time I shut up my place, there is a cab comes und by the curbstone stands across the street. I will not say what is der place it stands in front of; that is not my business."

"McCausland's gambling house, perhaps," suggested Ashton-Kirk.

The big German looked more relieved than ever.

"Ach, so you know about dot place, eh? All ride. Now I can speak out and not be afraid to do some harm to nobody." He lowered his voice still further. "Dot cab came last night as I was locking my door up, und stands the curbstone by in front of McCausland's, waiting for a chob. Maybe when I goes away home der driver he sees what happened at Hume's afterards, eh?"

"Excellent!" said Ashton-Kirk, his eyes alight. "Thanks for the hint, Mr. Berg."

The delicatessen dealer lumbered into the elevator which had stopped; Pendleton was about to follow, but his friend detained him, and the car dropped downward without them.

"That cab," said Ashton-Kirk, "is sure to be a night-hawk; and more than likely it is put up at Partridge's. Pardon me a moment.'

There was a telephone booth at one side of the corridor; the speaker went in and closed the door. After a few moments he came out.

"Just as I thought," he said, well pleased. "Partridge knew the cab in a moment. The driver's name is Sams and he lives at the place they call the Beehive." He looked at his watch. "It wants but a few minutes of four," he added, "and night-hawk cabby will be just about stirring. The Beehive is only three blocks away; suppose we go around and look him up."

Pendleton agreed instantly; and after a brisk walk and a breathless climb, they found themselves on the fourth floor of a huge brick building, where they had been directed by a meek looking woman in a dust cap. A long hall with a great many doors on each side, all looking alike, stretched away before them.

"It's very plain that the only way to find Mr. Sams is to make a noise," said Ashton-Kirk. And with that he stalked down the hall, his heels clattering on the bare boards. "Hello," he cried loudly. "Sams is wanted! Hello Sams!"

A door opened and a face covered with thick soap suds and surmounted by a tangle of sandy hair looked out.

"Hello," growled this person, huskily. "Who wants him?"

"Very glad to see you, Mr. Sams," said Ashton-Kirke. "We have a small matter of business with you that will require a few moments of your time. May we come in?"

"Sure," said Sams.

They entered the room, which contained a bed, a trunk, a wash-stand, and a chair.

"One of you can take the chair; the other can sit on the trunk," said the hack driver, nodding toward these articles. Then he proceeded to strop a razor at one of the windows. "Excuse me if I go on with this reaping. I must go out and feed the horse and then get breakfast."

"You breakfast rather late," commented Ashton-Kirk.

"I'm lucky to get it at any time, in this business," grumbled Sams. "Out all night, sleep all day and get blamed little for it, at that."

He posed before a small mirror stuck up beside the window and gave the blade an experimental sweep across his face. Then he turned and asked inquiringly:

"Did youse gents want anything particular?"

"We'd like to ask a question or two regarding what happened last night in Christie Place."

The cab driver's forehead corrugated; he closed his razor, laid it down and shoved his soapy face toward the speaker.

"Say," spoke he, roughly. "I drives people wherever they wants to go; but I don't ask no questions."

"It's all right, Mr. Sams," said Ashton-Kirk. "The affair that I'm looking up happened across the street—at Hume's—second floor of 478."

"Oh!" Sams stared for a moment, then he took up his razor, turned his back and went on with his shaving. But there was expectancy in his attitude; and Ashton-Kirk smiled confidently.

"While you were drawn up in Christie Place, waiting for a fare," he asked, "did you hear or see anything at 478?"

"I saw a light on the second floor—something I never saw before at that hour. And I saw the Dutchman that keeps the store underneath shutting up. And I heard somebody laughing upstairs," as a second thought. "I think that's what made me notice the light."

"Nothing else?"

Sams shaved and considered. He wiped his razor at last, pouring some water in a bowl and doused his face. Then he took up a towel and began applying it briskly.

The investigator, watching him closely, saw that he was not trying to recall anything. It was plain that the man was merely calculating the possibilities of harm to himself and patrons if he told what he knew.

"There has been a murder," said Ashton-Kirk, quietly, thinking to jog him along.

Sams threw the towel from him and sat down on the bed.

"A murder!" said he, his eyes and mouth wide open. "Well, what do you know about that."

He sat looking from one to the other of them, dazedly, for a space; then he resumed: "Say, I thought there was something queer about that stunt of hers!"

"Tell us about it," suggested Ashton-Kirk, crossing his legs and clasping one knee with his hands.

The cabby considered once more.

"There's a lot of things that a guy like me sees that look off color," he said, at length; "but we can't always pass any remarks about them. It would be bad for business, you see. But this murder thing's a different proposition, and here's where I tell it all. Last night while I was waiting in front of McCausland's, I hears an automobile turn into the street. It was some time after I got there. I wouldn't have paid much attention to it, but you see there's a fellow been trying to get my work with a taxicab, and I thought it was him."

"And it wasn't?"

"No, it was a private car—a Maillard, and there was a woman driving it."

The chair upon which Pendleton saw was an infirm one; it creaked sharply as he made a sudden movement.

"She was going at slow speed," proceeded Sams, "and as she passed Hume's I noticed her look up at the windows. After she disappeared there wasn't a sound for a while. You see, nobody hardly ever passes through Christie Place after one o'clock. Then I hears her coming back. This time she stopped the car, got out and went to the door that leads into Hume's place. There she stopped a little, as though she didn't know whether to go in or not. But at last she went in."

Pendleton coughed huskily at this point; and his friend glancing at him saw that his face was white.

"And up to that time," said Ashton-Kirk, "are you sure that there was no movement—no sound—in the front room at Hume's?"

"As far as I noticed, there wasn't. But a few minutes after I heard the woman go in, I did hear some sounds."

The man stroked his shaven jaws in the deliberate manner of a person about to precipitate a crisis. Pendleton leaned toward him, anxiously.

"What sort of sounds?" he asked.

"There were two," replied the cab driver. "The first was a revolver shot; the second came right after, and was a kind of a scream—like that of a parrot."

"And what then?" asked Ashton-Kirk, easily.

"There wasn't anything for a few minutes, anyway. But the revolver shot had kind of got my attention, so I was taking notice of the windows. Then suddenly I caught sight of the woman. You see, the gas-light was near the window and she kind of leaned over and turned it out. It was only for a time as long as that," and the man snapped his fingers. "But I saw her plain. Then I heard her coming down the stairs to the street—almost at a run. She banged the street door shut after her, jumped into her car and went tearing away as if she was crazy. I stayed fifteen minutes before I got a fare; but nothing else happened."

Pendleton's hand closed hard on the edge of the chair he sat in. There was a moment's silence; then Ashton-Kirk asked:

"Just where was your cab standing at this time?"

"Right in front of McCausland's door."

"And you were on the box?"

"Yes."

The investigator put a piece of money in the man's hand as he and Pendleton arose and prepared to go.

"Say," said Sams suriously. "I've been in bed all day and ain't heard a word of anything. Who's been done up?"

"Hume. Stabbed in the chest."

"Shot, you mean."

"No, I mean stabbed. With a bayonet."

The man stared wonderingly.

"G'way," he said.

They bid him good-day and tramped down the three long flights to the street. Pendleton was silent, and walked with his head held down.

"We have more than an hour of good daylight left," said his friend, as they reached the street. "And as I must have a good unrestricted look at Hume's apartments before everything is hopelessly changed about, suppose we go there now. We can get a taxi in the next street."

"Just a moment," said Pendleton, "Before we take another step in the matter, Kirk, I must ask a question."

Ashton-Kirk put his hand upon his friend's shoulder.

"Don't," said he. "I know just what the question would be, and at the present time I can't answer it. At this moment, except for some few theories that I have yet to verify, I am as much puzzled as yourself."

"But," and there was a tremble in the speaker's voice, "you must answer me, old chap—and you must answer me now."

The catch in his voice, the expression upon the young man's face caused Ashton-Kirk to grasp an astonishing fact. The hand that he had laid on Pendleton's shoulder tightened as he answered:

"Yes, Edyth Vale is concerned. As a rule I do not speak of my client have already seen and heard, it you have already seen and heard, it would be a waste of words to deny it. But, see here, there are lots of things we don't know yet about this business. It may look very different in a few hours. Come."

Pendleton gazed with sober eyes into the speaker's face for a moment. Then he said:

"Let us get the cab; if you are to go over Hume's rooms before dark, you haven't any too much time."

At the next corner they signaled a taxicab, and in a short time they were set down in Christie Place. Paulson, the policeman, was standing guard.

"How are you?" he greeted them affably.

"Been here all day?" asked Ashton-Kirk.

"Oh, no. Just come on. I'm the third shaft since I saw you last."

"Nobody has been permitted to go

Continued on Page 3—Second Column

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING MONTH OF JULY

Some Interesting Star Showers Are Scheduled With Two Remarkable Variable Stars—Venus Reaches Its Greatest Distance From the Sun on July 7.

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

The slow turning of the celestial sphere has again brought the summer branch of the Milky Way into our evening sky, and we see this beautiful, golden arch stretching across the heavens, well up from the ground in the east. All along this wonderful cloud, and apparently immersed in it, there shine out a bright train of mist interesting groups of stars. Beginning at the north, the reader may easily trace out the bright W-shaped group Cassiopoea, and next Sepheus, and then the most perfect and striking Northern Cross, above which he will see the Lyre, with its most brilliant blue star Vega, whose two faint, bluish attendants, one of which is a double and the other a wonderful quadruple system of suns, are nearby. Below the Cross are the faint groups of the Dolphin, the Arrow and the Wolf, the first of which is sometimes called Job's Coffin. As we follow on toward the south we pass the tail of the Serpent and the Archer, and at last come to the end of the striking group of the Scorpion, whose sting stretches up into the Milky Way, only a little way above the ground.

When beginning the most fascinating study of learning the stars there is no better way than to become familiar with one little band or strip of constellations first in this way. When the reader has learned this zone of the sky he will find it very easy with the help of the chart to add one group after another, until in a short time he will find that he knows them all. And his next step will doubtless be to buy a small telescope and to discover for himself a few of the wonderful objects which are ever shining out above him.

Two Remarkable Variable Stars.

There are two events this month which will possess special interest for anyone who has ever watched some few of the hundreds of stars in the sky whose brightness is constantly changing. For it happens that the two most wonderful and celebrated variable stars of all will this month attain their greatest brightness.

The first of these is the wonderful variable star called Mira, that strange and distant sun which is ever growing rapidly fainter or brighter. When faintest it is far too faint to be seen with the naked eye; sometimes it is almost as faint as the tenth magnitude, so that even in a good field glass or small telescope it would seem to have totally disappeared. But it does not remain so faint long. Steadily it grows brighter and brighter until at last it may be pouring out 1,500 times as much light as at first.

It usually requires about four and one-half months for Mira to increase from its greatest faintness to its greatest brightness, and about six and one-half months for it to fade away again, so that at an interval of about 11 months it shines out with its greatest brilliancy. But this interval varies greatly, and it is even more remarkable that when we see its light increasing we cannot predict how bright it will grow. The curves of Figure 2 show the results of careful measures of this star during the last five years. It will be seen that its brightening in December, 1906, was the most striking of recent years; it then was one of the brightest stars of the sky, being much brighter than Castor and almost as bright as Regulus. Its appearance during the next years was less remarkable; for example, in 1908, at its brightest, it was neardly a whole magnitude fainter than the North Star.

Unfortunately, Mira is now in the morning sky and is not well above the ground until about three hours before sunrise. From Figure 3, which shows a portion of the southeastern heavens at 3 a. m. on July 1, the reader can, however, easily locate it, and with the naked aye alone he can watch its steady and wonderful increase in brightness.

The other star which will reach its greatest brightness this month may be found at A, Figures 1 and 4, just below the star at M, and nearly in a straight line between the stars B and C. This varies even more than Mira, but it is usually far too faint to be seen with the eye, and when faintest is only visible in the very largest telescopes. During the first part of July it will probably become as bright as the stars at D and E, Figure 1; it will remain thus bright for a week or two, and then very rapidly fade away. What there is happening on these great suns to make them blaze out with such wonderful brightness at nearly regular intervals is wholly unknown. It is remarkable that nearly half of all the variable stare of the heavsns behave nearly as these two stars do, and the interval with nearly all of them is not far from one year.

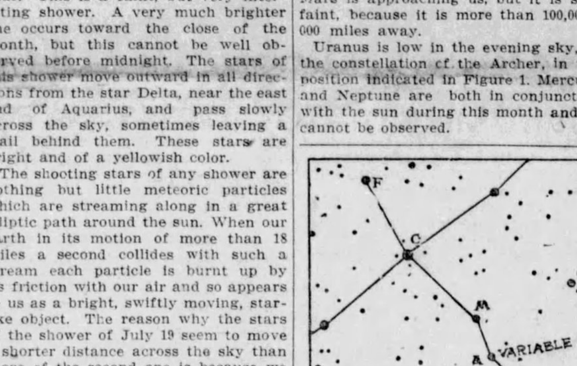

Figure 3—The eastern heavens at 3 a. m. July 1, showing the position of the variable star Mira.

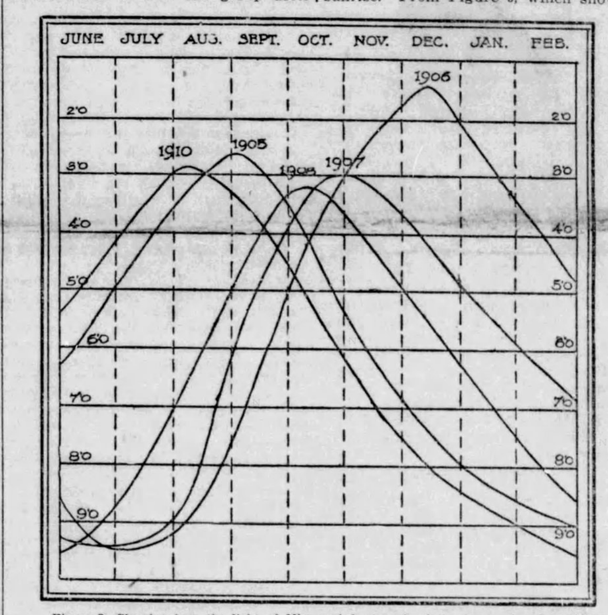

Figure 2—Showing how the light of Mira varied at each of the times of great brightness during the past five years.

Shooting-Star Showers.

There are two interesting shooting-star showers which occur during July, besides many faint ones. On any one of the dark, moonless evenings near the 19th of the month the careful observer will see an occasional faint, bluish meteorite dart outward from a point in the Northern Cross near the star F, Figure 1, move quickly a very short distance over the sky and then disappear. This is a faint, but very interesting shower. A very much brighter one occurs toward the close of the month, but this cannot be well observed before midnight. The stars of this shower move outward in all directions from the star Delta, near the east end of Aquarius, and pass slowly across the sky, sometimes leaving a trail behind them. These stars are bright and of a yellowish color.

The shooting stars of any shower are nothing but little meteoric particles which are streaming along in a great elliptic path around the sun. When our earth in its motion of more than 18 miles a second collides with such a stream each particle is burnt up by its friction with our air and so appears to us as a bright, swiftly moving, star-like object. The reason why the stars of the shower of July 19 seem to move a shorter distance across the sky than those of the second one is because we meet the first stream of moving particles almost head on; the particles of the second stream partly overtake the earth. Several hundred such streams of particles which extend around the sun and with which our earth collides are now known; doubtless there are many thousands through which our earth never passes and which, therefore, never become visible to us.

The Planets in July.

The very brilliant Venus reaches its greatest distance east of the sun on July 7; on this date it sets nearly three hours after sunset and is a most conspicuous and beautiful object, high up in the northwestern sky. Beginning on this day, it not only draws nearer the sun but it also moves lower down in the sky, so that each evening it will set a little earlier and a little farther toward the south than on the evening before. By July 31 it sets almost exactly due west. Yet throughout the month it continually grows brighter, and will not attain its maximum brilliance until August 10.

The bright Jupiter shines out with its steady radiance in the south, a little west of the meridian. From the first of the month to the third it is moving westward, but it then turns and begins to move very slowly eastward again. Its deep golden color contrasts beautifully with the deep red Antares to the east of it and with the bluish Spica to the west. With its beautiful markings and its bright moons, this great, swiftly moving world forms always one of the most interesting of all objects for study with a small telescope. Eclipses or occultations of the moons may best be seen on the evenings of July 2, 7, 9, 16 and 31.

Mars and Saturn now shine out brightly in the early morning sky; their positions are shown on Figure 3. Mars is approaching us, but it is still faint, because it is more than 100,000,000 miles away.

Uranus is low in the evening sky, in the constellation of the Archer, in the position indicated in Figure 1. Mercury and Neptune are both in conjunction with the sun during this month and so cannot be observed.

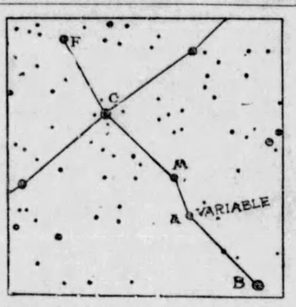

Figure 4—The square of Figure 1 enlarged to show the position of the variable star in the Northern Cross.

A SPLENDID HAZARD

BY HAROLD MAC GRATH

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CHAPTER XXV.—(Continued.)

Two millions in gold and silver and English notes! He would have his revenge for all these years of struggle and failure; for the cold and callous policies of state which had driven him to this piece of roguery, on their heads be it. Two thousand in Marseilles, ready at his beck and call, a thousand more in Avignon, in Lyons, in Dijon, and so on up to Paris, the Paris he had cursed one night from under his mansard. In a week he would have them shaking in their boots. The unemployed, the idlers, thieves, his to a man. If he saw his own death at the end, little he cared. He would have one great moment, pay off the score, France as well as Germany. He would at least live to see them harrying each other's throats. To declare to France that he was only Germany's tool, put forward for the sole purpose of destroying peace in the midst of a great military crisis. He had other papers, and the prying little Frenchman had never seen those; clever forgeries, bearing the signature of certain great German personages. These should they find at the selected moment. Let them rip one another's throats, the dogs! Two million of francs, enough to purchase a hundred thousand men.

"Ah, my great-grandsire, if spirits have eyes, yours will see something presently. And that poor little devil of a secret agent thinks I want a crown on my head! There was a time . . . . Curse these infernal headaches!"

On, on; hurry, hurry. The driver was faithful, a sometime brigand and later a harbor boatman; and of all his confederates this one was the only man he dared trust on an errand of this kind.

Evisa. They did not pause. They ate their supper on the way. With three Sardinan donkeys, strong and patient little brutes, with lanterns and shovels and sacks, the two fared into the pines. Aitone was all familiar ground to the Corsican who, in younger days, had taken his illegal tithe from these hills. They found the range soon enough, but made a dozen mistakes in measurements; and it was long toward midnght, when the oil of the lanterns ran low, that their shovels bore down into the precious pocket. The earth flew. They worked like madmen, with nervous energy and power of will; and when the chest finally came into sight, rotten with age and the soak of earth, they fell back against a tree, on the verge of collapse. The hair was damp on their foreheads, their breath came harshly, almost in sobs.

Suddenly Breitmann fell upon his knees and laughed hysterically, plunged his blistered hands into the shining heap. It played through his fingers in little musical cascades. He rose.

"Pietro, you have been faithful to me. Put your two hands in there."

"I, padrone?" stupefied.

"Go on! Go on! As much as your two hands can hold is yours. Dig them in deep, man, dig them in deep!"

With a cry Pietro dropped and burrowed into the gold and silver. A dozen times he started to withdraw his hands, but they trembled so that some of the coins would slip and fall. At last, with one desperate plunge, the money running down toward his elbows, he turned aside and let fall his burden on the new earth outside the shallow pit. He rolled beside it, done for, in a fainting state. Breitmann laughed wildly.

"Come, come; we have no time. Put it into your pockets."

"But, padrone, I have not counted it!" naively.

"Tomorrow, when we make camp for breakfast. Let us hurry."

Quickly Pietro stuffed his pockets, jabbering in his patois, swearing so many candles to the Virgin for this night's work. Then began the loading of the sacks, and these were finally dumped into the donkey-panniers.

"Now, Pietro, the shortest cut to Ajaccio. First, your hand on your amulet, and oath never to reveal what has happened."

Pietro swore solemnly. "I am ready now, padrone!"

"Lead on, then," replied Breitmann. Impulsively he raised his hands high above his head. "Mine, all mine!"

He wiped his face and hands, pulled his cap down firmly, lighted a cigaret, struck the rear donkey, and the hazardous journey began.

* * * * * *

Seven men, more or less young, with a genial air of dissipation about their eyes and a varied degree of recklessness lurking at the corners of their mouths; seven men sat round a table in a house in the Rue St. Charles. They had been eating and drinking rather luxuriously for Ajaccio. The Rue St. Charles is neither spacious nor elegant as a thoroughfare, but at that point where it turns into the Place Letitia it is quiet and unfrequented at night. A film of tobacco smoke wavered in and out among the guttering candles and streamed round the empty champagne bottles. At the head of the table sat Breitmann, still pale and weary from his Herculean labors. His face was immobile, but his eyes were lively.

"Tomorrow," said Breitmann, "we leave for France. On board the moneys will be equally divided. Then, for the work." His voice was cold, authoritative.

"Two millions!" mused Picard, from behind a fresh cloud of smoke. He picked up a bottle and gravely filled his glass, beckoning to the others to follow his example. At another sign all rose to their feet, Breitmann alone remaining seated, "To the Day!"

Breitmann's lips grew thinner; that was the only sign.

Outside, glancing obliquely through the grilled window, stood M. Ferraud. He had not seen these worthies together before. He knew all of them. There was not a shoulder among them that he could not lay a hand upon and voice with surety the order of the law. Courage of a kind they all had, names once written gloriously in history, but now merely passports into dubious traffics. Heroes of boulevard exploits, duellists, card-players; could it be possible that any sane man should be their dupe? After the strange toast he heard many things, some he had known, some he had guessed at, and some which surprised him. Only loyalty was lacking to make them feared indeed. Presently he saw Breitmann rise. He was tired; he needed sleep. On the morrow, then; and in a week the first blow of the new terror. They all bowed respectfully as he passed out.

The secret agent followed him till he reached the Place des Palmieres. He put a hand on Breitmann's arm. The latter, highly keyed, swung quickly. And seeing who it was (the man he believed to be at that moment a prisoner in the middle country!), he made a sinister move toward his hip. M. Ferraud was in peril, and he realized it.

"Wait a moment, Monsieur; there is no need of that. I repeat, I wish you well, and this night I will prove it. What? do you not know that I could have put my hand on you at any moment? Attend. Return with me to the little house in Rue St. Charles."

Brietmann's hand again stole toward his hip.

"You were listening?"

"Yes. Be careful. My death would not change anything. I wish to disillusion you; I wish to prove to you how deeply you are the dupe of those men. All your plans have been remarkable, but one of them has remained unknown to me. You clasp the hand of the duke who plays the sailor under the name of Picard, who hails you as a future emperor, and stabs you behind your back? How? Doubleface that he is, have I not proof that he has written detail after detail of this conspiracy to the Quai d'Orsay, and that he has clung to you only to gain his share of what is yours? Zut! Come back with me and let your own ears testify. The fact that I am not in the mountains should convince you how strong I am."

Breitmann hesitated, wondering whether he had best shoot this meddler then and there and cut for it, or follow him.

"I will go with you. But I give this warning: if what I hear is not what you expect me to hear, I promise to put a bullet into your meddling head."

"I agree to that," replied the other. He did not underestimate his danger; neither did he undervalue his intimate knowledge of human nature.

With what emotions Breitmann returned to the scene of his triumph, his self-appointed companion could only surmise. He had determined to save this young fool in spite of his madness, and never had he failed to bring his enterprises to their forearranged end. And there was sentiment between all this, sentiment he would not have been ashamed to avow. Upon chance, then, fickle inconstant chance, depended the success of the seven years' labor. If by this time the wine had not loosened their tongues, or if they had disappeared!

But fortune favors the persistent no less than the brave. The profligates were still at the table, and there were fresh bottles of wine. They were laughing and talking. In all, not more that fifteen minutes had elapsed since Breitmann's departure. M. Ferraud stationed him by the window and kept a hand lightly upon his arm, as one might place a finger on a pulse.

Of what were they talking? Ostend. The ballet-dancers. The races in May. The shooting at Monte Carlo. Gaming tables, empty purses. And again ballet-dancers.

"To divide two millions!" cried one. "That will clear my debts, with a little for Dieppe."

"Two hundred and fifty thousand francs! Princely!"

And then the voice of the master-spirit, pitiless, ironical Picard's. "Was there ever such a dupe?? And not to laugh in his face is penance for my sins. A Dutchman, a bullet-headed clod from Bavaria, the land of sausage, beer and dachshunds; and this shall be written Napoleon IV! Ye gods, what farce, comedy, vaudeville! But, there was always that hope; if he found the money he would divide it. So, howtow, howtow! Opera bouffe!"

Breitmann shuddered. M. Ferrand, feeling that shudder under his hand, relaxed his shoulders. He had won!

"An empire! Will you believe it?"

"I suggest the eagle rampant on a sausage!"

"No, no; the lily on the beer-pot!"

The scene went on. The but of it heard jests and ridicule. They were pillorying him with the light and matchless cruelty of wits. And he, poor fool, had believed them to be his dupes, whereas he was theirs! Gently

His Was the Joy of Giving

Warsaw (Mo.) Independent.

A LITTLE boy of perhaps 12 years had for more than a week made daily trips to the local postoffice. He lived about five miles from town and usually walked the distance barefooted and over a rough road. The mother of this little boy was living apart from him, probably serving as a domestic with some families miles away. She had written him that she would send him a wagon—one of the miniature express kind, usually painted red. In some way the little fellow thought the wagon must come through the postoffice—that it could arrive no other way.

And so each day he would walk up to the general delivery window and inquire if his wagon had come. Each time as the disappointing answer that nothing had come was given him the tears would come to the little fellow's eyes, but he would bravely brush them away and the next day return with his usual query. No doubt the little fellow tired of the long journeys—no doubt his shoeless feet were torn and blistered by the rock road over which he came, but he made the trip every day, having implicit faith that his wagon must come by mail.

A gentleman happening to be in the postoffice one day heard the little fellow's request—probably his sixth trip that week—and noticed that his voice broke with disappointment as the office attaches gave him the same old answer. Sympathizing with the little fellow, this gentleman came up town and for $1.25 bought the little fellow a wagon which met his every wish, which chased all the tears away. And in that happiness and contentment which thrilled the childish heart the act of the good Samaritan had its own reward.

he disengaged himself from M. Ferraud's grasp.

"What are you going to do?" whispered the hunter of butterflies.

"Watch and see."

Breitmann walked noiselessly round to the entrance, and M. Ferraud lost sight of him for a few moments. Picard was on his feet, mimicking his dupe by assuming a Napoleonic pose. The door opened and Breitmann stood quietly on the threshold. A hush fell on the revelers. There was something kingly in the contempt with which Breitmann swept the startled faces. He stepped up to the table, took up a full glass of wine and threw it into Picard's face.

"Only one of us shall leave Corsica," said the dupe.

"Certainly it will not be your majesty," replied Picard, wiping his face with a serviette. "His majesty will waive his rights to meet me. Tomorrow morning I shall have the pleasure of writing finis to this Napoleonic phase. You fool, you shall die for that!"

"That," returned Breitmann, still unruffled as he went to the door, "remains to be seen. Gentlemen, I regret to say that your monetary difficulties must continue unchanged."

"Oh, for fifty years ago!" murmered the little scene-shifter from the dark of his shelter.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The End of the Dream.

It took place on the road which runs from Ajaccio to the Cap de la Parata, not far from Iles Sanguinaries; not a main-traveled road. The sun had not yet crossed the mountains, but a crisp gray light lay over land and sea. They fired at the same time. The duke lowered his pistol, and through the smoke he saw Breitmann pitch headforemost into the thick white dust. Presently, nay almost instantly, the dust at the left side of the stricken man became a creeping blackness. The surgeon sprang forward.

"Dead?" asked Picard.

No! through the shoulder. He has a fighting chance."

"The wine last night; my hand wasn't steady enough. Some day the fool will curse me as a poor shot. The devil take the business! Not a sou for my pocket, out of all the trouble I have had. But for the want of a clear head I should be a rich man today. Who thought he would come back?"

"I did," answered M. Ferraud.

"You?"

"With pleasure! I brought him back; thank me for your empty pockets, Monsieur. If I were you I should not land at Marseilles. Try Livarno, by all means, Livarno."

"For this?" asked Picard, with a jerk of his head toward Breitmann, who was being carefully lifted on to the carriage seat.

"No, for certain letters you have not sent to the Quai d'Orsay. You comprehend?"

"What do you mean?" touculently; for Picard was not in a kindly mood this morning.

But the little Bayard of the Quai laughed. "Shall I explain here, Monsieur? Be wise. Go to Italy, all of you. This time you overreached, Monsieur le Duc. Your ballet dancers must wait!" And with rare insolence, M. Ferraud showed his back to his audience, climbed to the seat by the driver, and bade him return slowly to the Grand hotel.

Hildegarde refused to see any one but M. Ferraud. Hour after hour she sat by the bed of the injured man. Knowing that in all probability he would live, she was happy for the first time in years. He needed her; alone, broken, wrecked among his dreams, he needed her. He had recovered consciousness almost at once, and his first words were a curse on the man who had aimed so badly. He could talk but little, but he declared that he would rip the bandages if they did not prop his pillows so he could see the bay. The second time he woke he saw Hildegarde. She smiled brokenly, but he turned his head aside,

"Has the yacht gone yet?"

"No."

"When will it sail?"

"Tomorrow." Her heart swelled with bitter pain. The woman he loved would be on that yacht. But toward Laura she held nothing but kindness tinged with a wondering envy. Was not she, Hildegarde, as beautiful? Had Laura more talents than she, more accomplishments? Alas, yes; one! She had had the unconscious power of making this man love her.

To and fro she waved the fan. For a while, at any rate, he would be hers. And when M. Ferraud said that the others wished to say farewell, she declined. She could look none of them in the face again, nor did she care. She was sorry for Cathewe. His life would be as broken as hers; but a man has the world under his feet, scenes of action, changes to soothe his hurt; a woman has little else but her needle.

All through the day and all through the night she remained on guard, surrendering her vigil only to M. Ferraud. With cold cloths she kept down the fever, wiping the hot face and hands. He would pull through, the surgeon said, but he would have his nurse to thank. There was something about the man the doctor did not understand: he acted as if he did not care to live.

The morning found her still at her post. Breitmann awoke early, and appeared to take little interest in his surroundings.

"Why do you waste your time?" his voice was colorless.

"I am not wasting my time, Karl."

His head rolled slowly over on the pillow till he could see outside. Only two or three fishing boats were visible.

"When will the yacht sail?"

Always that question! "Go to sleep. I will wake you when I see it."

"I've been a scoundrel, Hildegarde;" and he closed his eyes.

Where would she go when he left this room? For the future was always rising up with this question. What would she do, how would she live? She too shut her eyes.

The door opened. The visitor was M. Ferraud. He touched his lips with a finger and stole toward the bed.

"Better?"

She nodded.

"Are you not dead for sleep?"

"It does not matter."

Breitmann's eyes opened, for his brain was wide awake. "Ferraud?"

"Yes. They wished me to say goodbye for them."

"To me?" incredulously.

"They have none but good wishes."

"She will never know?"

"Not unless Mr. Fitzgerald tells her."

"Hildegarde, I had planned her abduction. Don't misunderstand. I have sunk low indeed, but not so low as that. I wanted to harry them. They would have left me free. She was to be a pawn. I shouldn't have hurt her."

"You do not care to return to Germany?"

"Nor to France, M. Ferraud."

"There's a wide world outside. You will find room enough," diffidently.

"An outlaw?"

"Of a kind."

"Be easy. I haven't even the wish to be buried there. There is more to the story, more than you know. My name is Herman Stuler * * * if I live. There is not a drop of French blood in my veins. Breitmann died on the field in the Soudan, and I took his papers." His eyes burned into Ferraud's.

"Perhaps that would be the best way," replied M. Ferraud pensively.

"What shall I do with the money?" It is under the bed."

"Keep it. No one will contest your right to it, Herman Stuler; and besides, the French, fluent as it is, still possesses the Teutonic burr. Yes, Herman Stuler; very good, indeed."

Hildegarde eyed them in wonder. Were they both mad?

"Will you be sure always to remember?" said M. Ferraud to the bewildered woman. "Herman Stuler; Karl Breitmann, who was the great-grandson of Napoleon, died of a gunshot in Africa. If you will always remember that, why even Paris will be possible some day."

Hildegarde was beginning to understand. She was coming to bless this little man.

"I do not believe that the money under the bed is safe there. I shall, if you wish, make arrangements with the local agents of the Credit Legonnais to take over the sum, without question, and to issue you two drafts, one on London and the other on New York, or in two letters of credit. Two millions; it is a big sum to let repose under one's bed, anywhere, let alone Corsica, where the amount might purchase half the island."

"I am, then, a rich man; no more crusades, no more stale bread and cheap tobacco, no more turning my cuffs and collars and clipping the frayed edges of my trousers. I am fortunate. There is a joke, too. Picard and his friends advanced me five thousand francs for the enterprise."

"I marvel where they got it!"

"I am sorry that I was rough with you."

"I bear you not the slightest ill-will. I never have. Herman Stuler; I must remember to have them make out the drafts in that name."

Breitmann appeared to be sleeping again. After waiting a moment or two, his guardian-angel tiptoed out.

An hour went by.

"Hildegarde, have you any money?"

"Enough for my needs."

"Will you take half of it?"

"Karl!"

"Will you?"

"No!"

He accepted this as final. And immediately his gaze became fixed on the bay. A sleek white ship was putting out to sea.

"They are leaving, Karl," she said, and the courage in her eyes beat down the pain in her heart.

"In my coat, inside; bring them to me." As he could move only his right arm and that but painfully, he bade her open each paper and hold it so that he could read plainly. The scrawl of the Great Captain; a deed and title; some dust dropping from the worn folds; how he strained his eyes upon them. He could not help the swift intake of air, and the stab which pierced his shoulder made him faint. She began to refold them. "No," he whispered. "Tear them up, tear them up!"

"Why, Karl."

"Tear them up, now, at once. I shall never look at them again. Do it. What does it matter? I am only Herman Stuler. Now!"

With shaking fingers she ripped the tattered sheets, and the tears ran over and down her cheeks. It would not have hurt her more had she torn the man's heart in twain. He watched her with feevred eyes till the last scrap floated into her lap.

"Now, toss them into the grate and light a match."

And when he saw the reflected glare on the opposite wall, he sank deeper into the pillow. The woman was openly sobbing. She came back to his side, knelt, and laid her lips upon his hand. There was now only a dim white speck on the horizon, and with that strange sea-magic the hull suddenly dipped down, and naught but a trail of smoke remained. Then this too vanished. Breitmann withdrew his hand, but he laid it upon her head.

"I am a broken man, Hildegarde; and in my madness I have been something of a rascal. But for all that, I had big dreams, but thus they go, the one in flames and the other out to sea." He stroked her hair. "Will you take what is left? Will you share with me the outlaw, be the wife of a disappointed outcast? Will you?"

"Would I not follow you to any land? Would I not share with you any memories? Have you ever doubted the strength of my love?"

"Knowing that there was another?"

"Knowing even that."

"It is I who am little and you who are great. Hildegarde, we'll have our friend Ferraud seek a priest this afternoon and square accounts."

Her head dropped to the coverlet.

After that there was no sound except the crisp metallic rattle of the palms in the freshening breeze.

THE END.

Beginning next week The Blade will print "A Child of the Night," thrilling story by Burton E. Stevenson. It is a story of love and adventure.

Such a Lankwitch!

Our language is a curious thing;
It is, upon my word!
A crowd of folks we call a "throng,"
A throng of deer a "herd."

A herd of geese we term a "flock,"
A flock of ships a "fleet,"
A "bevy" is the synonym
We use for maidens sweet.

A group of cops we call a "squad,"
A squad of thieves a "band"—
No wonder aliens find our tongue
So hard to understand.

A band of wolves we call a "pack,"
A pack of bees a "swarm,"
A swarm of herring is a "shoal,"
So lexicons inform.

Our noisy kids we term a "troop,"
A "gang" of hoodlums they;
If of barbarians we speak
A horde is what we say.

A "horde" of oxen is a "drove,"
A drove of whales a "school"—
To learn the variants of this term
You've got to be a fool.
No, sirree!
—Boston Transcript.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. In ordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

5406—Ladies' Costume—For morning wear in town, for the beach or for other everyday occasions this frock is ideal. It can be made of linen, of serge, of cashmere, of pongee silk and of simple gingham and trimmed with braid, with folds of silk or with bias bands of contrasting color as preferred and the small vest and collar may be of lace or embroidery. The pattern 5406, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 5½ yards of 36-inch material with 2 yards of braid and 1 yard of 18-inch allover.

5406

5498—A Very Simple Frock—A very Puritan might have been the designer of this little frock, so simple is it. The waist is plain, with a standing collar, the skirt neatly gathered all around and the two parts of the dress joined by a belt. This style will look well in good materials such as linen, serge and the like. The pattern 5498, is cut in sizes 4 to 12 years. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 27-inch material, 2⅞ yards of 36-inch or 2½ yards of 44-inch.

5498

5459 — Handsome Shopping Coat — The short waisted Empire effect is used and the upper part of this coat is fitted slightly in both front and back. The skirts are as scant as beauty will allow and the right side laps over the left, the edges of the front being rounded at their lower side. A large collar and handsome revers complete the garment. The pattern 5459, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 4½ yds. of material 44 inches wide.

5459

4177 — A Little One Piece Dress—The one piece dress is at once new and pretty. The model illustrated is made as shown in the small diagram with a group of tucks in the center of the front and the same arrangement in the back. The underarm seams are left open and joined together by means of buttons and buttonholes. The pattern 4177 is cut in sizes 2 to 12 years. To make the dress in the medium size will require 2¾ yards of material 36 inches wide and 3½ yards of insertion or braid to trim as illustrated.

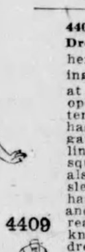
4177

5487—Ladies' Waist—This entire waist is plain, except at the neck. Here a small round yoke is inserted and it is lengthened in front in the form of a square tab. The sleeves are of elbow length and they are inserted in an overlaid seam at the shoulder, the sleeve having no fullness at this point. A single seam fits the sleeve and adjusts the bodice. The pattern 5487 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 24-inch material, with 2⅝ yards of insertion to trim as shown.

5487

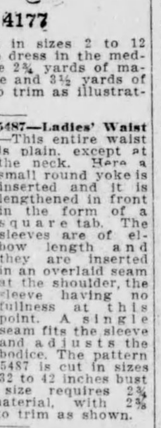
4409—Ladies' House Dress—We present herewith a charming model for wear at home. The waist opens in the center of the front and has a little fullness gathered along the line of the small square yoke. It also has bishop sleeves. The skirt has seven gores and a flounce which reaches almost to knee depth. This dress may be made of linen, gingham and other wash materials. The pattern 4409 is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 7¼ yards of material 36 inches wide.

4409



5420 — Child's Empire Dress—The design illustrated shows an Empire dress with a waist which comes down just a trifle below the armhole. The skirt is plainly gathered and attached to the lower edge of the waist. Such a frock as this will be extremely dainty in white batiste or lawn, with insertion or lace, or it may be of figured organdie with a white ground and colored flowers. The many French ginghams will also be pretty. The pattern 5420, is cut in sizes 1, 3 and 5 years. Medium size requires 2⅛ yards of 36-inch material.

5420

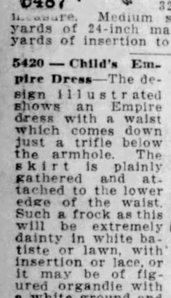


5190—Child's Dress—This model offers a novel little frock. There is a small yoke pointed in front and rounded in the back. Below this the material is arranged in box pleats in front and in the back. The edges of these pleats are stitched down just a few inches at the top. The sleeve is of bishop design and is finished with a hand cuff. White tern 5cmfwyeptaoin lawn, batiste, poplin, cashmere are suitable materials for this little dress. The pattern 5190 is cut in sizes 1, 3 and 5 years. Medium size requires 1¾ yards 44 inches wide.

5190

5270—A One Piece Overblouse — We illustrate a simple overblouse, which is cut out in a deep round outline at the yoke, where there is a band of trimming. The sleeves are in one with the rest of the bodice and end below the elbow. Marquisette, both the silk and cotton varieties chiffon, lace and net may be used for this blouse. The pattern 5270, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 1¾ yards of 44-inch material.

5270



5501—Ladies' Six Gore Skirt—It is only by means of slight novelties that a plain skirt can be altered. The skirt shown in our illustration is one of the plain six gore designs. The front is stitched to give a panel effect, while the back is a box pleat. A small pleating is inserted at each side of the seams. The pattern 5501 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of 36-inch material or 3½ yards of 44-inch.

5501

5495—A Novel Shirt Waist—This waist is made without any shoulder seam and it is also entirely plain. It closes with a band in front, but it may easily be arranged to close in the back, cutting the garment with the front on a fold of the material. Gingham, French or Scotch flannel, lawn, linen and other plain fabrics are suitable for a waist made in this manner. The pattern 5495, is cut in sizes 32 to 42 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 2 yards of 36-inch material.

5495

3866 — Ladies' Shirt Waist—This waist is high in the neck and is made with a band finish. The closing is in the center of the front and at each shoulder there is a group of short tucks. Taffetas, percales, madras, linen or pongee will be suitable materials for this waist. The pattern 3866 is cut in sizes 32 to 48 inches bust measure. Medium size requires 3¾ yards of material 27 inches wide.

3866

Big Rewards for Living Passenger Pigeons

THIRTY-TWO years ago this bird, one of the most renowned in American story, filled our skies in millions—a living wonder of the New World. Today can any one find even a single nesting? For more than a year this question has been asked in vain, says the Youth's Companion, although backed by a reward of $1,000 to the one who first reported a pigeon nesting. If this splendid species is gone, it will be the saddest case of wanton extermination in the history of America. Until a year ago all hope of saving the pigeons had been abandoned, and rewards were offered for freshly killed specimens, to prove that the species was still alive. At the meeting of the American Ornithologists' union in December, 1909, it was proposed to organize a last effort to save the pigeons, and instead of asking for dead birds, to call for discovery and notification of undisturbed nestings.

Museums and collectors, under the lead of Mr. Rothschild, the well-known English naturalist, agreed to stop all traffic in eggs or skins or living specimens of the passenger-pigeon. Over $4,000 has been pledged as rewards or to meet expenses of the investigation.

Since considerable sums are in question, the Youth's Companion quotes from the official announcement as published for the coming season:

Col. Anthony R. Kuser ($300) and Mr. John E. Thayer ($700) will pay a reward of one thousand dollars ($1,000) for first information, exclusive and confidential, of location of a nesting pair or colony of passenger-pigeons anywhere in North America; when duly confirmed, and if found by confirming party with both parent birds and eggs or young undisturbed.

For first nesting discovered thereafter in the following states:

John Burroughs, New York	$100
A. B. F. Kinney, Massachusetts	100
Anonymous, Massachuetts, for 2d find	100
Allan B. Miller, for first nesting found in Worcester county, Massachusetts	20
Edward Avis, Connecticut	100
H. S. Hathaway, Rhode Island	100
Worthington Society, New Jersey	100
John Dryden Kuser, for 2d nesting found in New Jersey	10
Henry W. Shoemaker, Pennsylvania, $200 (adds $25 if nest is protected)	225
W. B. Mershon, Michigan	100
R. W. Mathews, Minnesota	100
Ruthven Deane, Illinois	50
John E. Thayer, Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Ontario, Wisconsin, $100 each	500
J. A. Childs, for 1st three nestings discovered in North America, not entitled to any of the above rewards, $200 each	600

To insure intelligence and good faith, informants of nestings are advised to agree to forfeit at least $5 in case they have failed to identify the birds correctly. This is only fair, since the amount will cover but a small part of the costs occasioned by a false report. The money will be immediately returned if the birds are found to be passenger-pigeons (Ectopistes migratorius). In the case of nesting pigeons, with time to consult local libraries, experts and museums, there can be no excuse for sending in false reports. Disregard all nests on the ground. The wild pigeon always nests in trees.

Priority of claim will be decided by time of receipt at post or telegraph office. Awards will be equally divided if two or more letters or messages bear record of same date and hour. Nestings within one mile of one another will be counted as one colony.

All rewards not claimed by October 31, 1911, will be withdrawn. As soon as a pigeon nesting is surely identified, write the undersigned, who will arrange for confirming party and for payment of the reward. Signed,

C. F. HODGE,
Clark University, Worcester, Mass.

Buy bird books, or use your libraries, ask your local Audubon society, or best of all, form an Audubon society if you have no local branch, and get together and plan the search of your locality. Ask your grandfathers and grandmothers to tell you all about how they used to see the pigeons. Write to Dr. Hodge only when you find a nesting.

The only reason the co-operation of boys and girls in the far west is not asked is because all experts agree that the passenger-pigeon has not been seen in the Rocky Mountains or Pacific regions for many years; and there are so many other kinds of pigeons out there that they cause an endless amount of useless correspondence.

This movement is directed solely to saving the free wild passenger-pigeon. No one wants killed or captive birds.

The Farmstead

QUESTIONS FOR ANSWER

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answer possible:

Will some reader kindly give information regarding the making of charcoal from corncobs, for use on the farm?—Mrs. N., Spring Grove, Va.

I wish some reader who has kept the recipe for mink bait, printed two or three months ago, would send it to the Farmstead, to be published again.—S., McCook, Neb.

THE BABY DUCKS

Mrs. M., Leland, Ore., wants to save her baby ducks. I think I know what the trouble is. As fly and insect catchers ducks will beat anything that runs and so long as they get their natural food they are healthy and easily raised. But bugs, snails, flies, tadpoles, minnows and other articles of animal food are their natural diet. Now we must give the next best—meat scraps, chopped in small pieces, scraps of fish and other animal food. A good substitute is boiled eggs and sour milk boiled into cheese. This will go a long way toward filling the bill of fare. I save all unfertile eggs, candled out early in incubation and boil them for the youngsters. I am using cornmeal and cracklings from the butcher shop ground together in the feed grinder. Always have plenty of coarse sand or fine gravel within reach of all kinds of poultry. An excellent substitute is old crockery pounded up fine and given to them.—A., Goodland, Ind.

A CASE OF GARGET

W., Willow, W. Va.: Your cow probably has what is known as garget. Here is a remedy that cured my cow: Feed her a teaspoonful of saltpeter in a small ear of corn two times a day for two or three days. Also bathe swollen parts of udder in water as hot as bearable to your hand and rub and work thoroughly for fifteen or twenty minutes, night and morning. This should bring the desired results within a week.—C., Charles City, Iowa.

FALLING APRICOTS

T., Bellaire, wants to know what causes his apricots to fall off. I think curculio is the cause. Try the following: In the early morning shake down all the insects you can on sheets and burn. This must be done in the morning, before they become active. Spraying with arsenate of lead, two pounds to 50 gallons of water, before the leaves and buds are out, is very beneficial.—L., Mahoningtown, Pa.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

Mrs. E., Oakley, Mich.—I have raised Brussels sprouts for my own use and cultivated them exactly as I do cabbage. Like cauliflower, they must grow rapidly to be good, hence they require a very rich soil, much more so than cabbage. A letter to some commission house will bring information how to market them.—A., Goodland, Ind.

DANDELION WINE

I saw a reuqest in the Farmstead for a dandelion wine recipe. Here is a good one: Three quarts of blossoms, three quarts of boiling water; let stand over night and then strain and add three and a half pounds of sugar and three pounds of sliced lemons, with seeds removed. Let stand 14 days and then bottle. Lemons should be removed.—B., Fitzgerald, Ga.

POULTRY DON'TS

Don't keep old hens. On an average hens will lay 75 per cent as many eggs during their second laying year as they will during the first. After this they will seldom lay enough eggs at market prices to pay for their feed.

Don't think you can't get along without an incubator and brooder. For the very small farmer and others keeping not more than a dozen general purpose fowls, natural method of hatching and brooding cannot at present be improved upon. For the man in the business of egg production, incubators and brooders are a necessity.

Don't think any kind of a house will do. A good poultry house is always dry inside and admits plenty of fresh air and sunshine without drafts. This is accomplished by having three sides tight and the south side largely open. Glass windows are only an unnecesary expense. The building should also be convenient and not cost more than $1 for each bird it will comfortably house. In most sections of the state less than half this cost should be the maximum.

Don't think you need pay no attention to the ration for growing birds. This consists in the use of a variety of the cheapest grains and mill products of good quality. When the fowls do not have access to insects, meat food of some other form is an absolute necessity. Lime, in the form of ground oyster shells, calcareous tufa or old plaster should be provided, together with plenty of green food and fresh water at all times.

Don't fail to make everything convenient. Economy of labor can be largely brought about by (1) the use of the colony house system of housing where the buildings can be moved instead of cleaned; (2) by the method of hopper feeding, so that stock need only be fed once a week or once a month, instead of several times per day; (3) by the use of a water system which does away with the necessity of carrying water to the fowls and by giving the stock plenty of free range both winter and summer. When the weather is cold enough to freeze the water, let the stock eat snow.

THE ASPARAGUS MINER

An insect that has caused much trouble, and in some cases is as destructive as the asparagus beetle, is the asparagus miner upon which the United States department of agriculture has recently issued circular No. 15. The larvae of the fly mine beneath the epidermis of the stalk, near the base and below the surface of the ground and they are frequently so abundant that the stalk has the effect of being girdled so that the injured stalks can readily be pulled from the ground. The infected stalks can generally be detected by their roughed appearance. In its injurious occurrences it seems to be limited to the eastern United States, but it has also been found in asparagus beds in California. The remedies so far found are in the spring to permit a few asparagus plants to grow as a trap crop to lure the fly from the main crop for the deposition of her eggs, and after this had been accomplished pull the infected plants and burn them. The second generation can be destroyed in a like manner by pulling old infested stalks as soon as an attack becomes manifest and promptly burning them also.

BUD MOTHS

Professor Surface, of the Pennsylvania station, says bud moths are a very destructive enemy of the orchard and that the larvae "passes its winter in a silken tube attached to the twigs of the trees. The little tube can often be seen by persons who watch closely for them. Look for these and pick them off by hand. About the time the buds are opening the larvae crawl to them and gnaw into them, where they are especially destructive because they are feeding upon the parts which would otherwise be destined later to develop into growing branches. This terminal growth is destroyed.

"The leaves are eaten, and because this is done while they are so very young the damage is much greater than if they were older. Later in the year the leaves are held together by silken webs, while the larvae feeds between them.

"The larvae transforms into a little brown cocoon in the cluster of leaves, held together by a web. From the cocoon comes a little brown and gray moth, which flies and lays its eggs on other very young and tender bud tips, and the larvae of the next brood live in a similar manner." There are two or three broods each year.

The best remedy is to spray with an arsenical poison. Where many of the little tubes are seen attached to the twigs of apple trees it is advisable to add two pounds of arsenate of lead to each fifty gallons of thelime-sulphur spray and apply this about the time the buds are swelling or commence to burst. This lime-sulphur spray can be used as strong as for the San Jose scale and will kill the scale, while the arsenate of lead will kill the pest.

After the leaves are out, spray with two pounds of arsenate of lead in fifty gallons of diluted lime-sulphur, which become a mild contact insecticide and also a fungicide.

It is now, however, too late to combat this pest this year. In fact, the only time to fight successfully is when the buds are bursting in the spring.

PRACTICAL MILK HOUSE

Ed H. Webster, the Kansas dairy expert, says: "A practical milk house may be erected by constructing around the wind tower, or at one side of it, a building, usually 6 by 8 feet, in which may be placed a tank deep enough to set the milk cans and have water come up to their necks. All of the water pumped for stock and other purposes of the farm should be run through this tank and then out into the stock tank. This room may contain the separator and a work table; in fact, here may be done the daily work of the farm. With an arrangement of this kind the cream can be kept without difficulty from 48 to 72 hours in the hottest weather."

MAKING CONCRETE

On account of its cheapness, uniformity and quick development of strength, the only cement practically used at present is the kind called Portland. There are almost as many brands of Portland cement as there are wheat flour. For farm work choose some brand guaranteed by the local dealer to meet the standard specifications of the American society for testing materials, which standards are approved by the national government.

Cement takes water so easily that care must be exercised in storing it. Upon the regular floor of a good building place timbers close together, as a support for a false floor upon which the cement should be piled.

Cement is heavy; do not overload the floor of the building by piling it too high, and do not store it against the side walls. Keep it covered with canvas or roofing paper. Cement once wet sets up and is upfit for use. However, lumps due to pressure in the store house must not be mistaken for set up cement. Such lumps are easily crumbled and may then be used.

Concrete is a mixture of Portland cement and particles of stone. The stone should vary in size from one inch in diameter to sand grains. By so grading the stone, the smaller particles fit in the spaces between the larger pieces, thereby producing the most compact and the strongest mixture.

A good tasting drinking water is suitable for concrete.

TOMATO DISEASES

The tomato plant is one that responds as well to intelligent treatment as any of our cultivated plants. It is a plant, however, which has been cultivated so long and improved to such an extent that it has become highly domesticated, and while it responds readily to intelligent treatment and favorable conditions, it is easily injured by unfavorable conditions and frequently sickens and dies when neglected. Some of the diseases which are commonly met with on tomatoes are due, then, to the conditions under which the plants are grown, and can be combated where it is possible to correct the conditions which bring them about. Others are caused by parasitic disease-producing organisms and can only be controlled by the rotation of crops or by the destruction of all diseased parts and the application of chemicals to the affected and susceptible plants.

Shedding of Blossoms—Anything that brings about abnormal growth or hinders the normal functioning of the plant is apt to cause shedding. If tomatoes are planted in soil very rich in nitrogen or if by the application of too much nitrogenous fertilizer the plants are kept growing too rapidly the fruit will not set. Rainy or moist weather during the blossoming period prevents the flowers from being fertilized and causes them to drop off. Hot and dry weather, especially when cultivation is neglected and a crust is allowed to form and the soil to become hard and dry, will cause the blossoms to drop off before the fruit is set.

To prevent shedding cultivate the plants so as to retain as nearly uniform an amount of moisture in the soil as is possible, and guard against too rapid growth and the formation of excessive foliage. Induce the plant to go more to fruit. This can be done by limiting the use of nitrogenous fertilizers and by pruning off the excessive foliage. The lateral branches should be pruned off as soon as formed and the top of the plant pinched off as soon as the fifth cluster of fruit has set. Care should be exercised in this, however, as excessive pruning of plants which are growing in rich, moist soil or which are highly fertilized disturbs the balance of growth. In such cases the roots would take in more water and soil salts than the leaves could use, and as a result the leaves would become curled or distorted and the plants would sicken.

Cracking of Fruit—Quite frequently large fissures or cracks occur in the fruit as it is approaching maturity. This seems to be due to certain conditions which affect the growth and maturity of the fruit. If the growth of the plant is checked for any reason, such as failure to cultivate or a period of dry, hot weather, the growth of the outer portion of the fruit will be checked. If this is followed by a period of wet weather and rapid growth the cells in the fruit fill with water and expand more rapidly than the peidermis can grow. This causes the epidermis and the underlying tissue to rupture. Where it is possible to maintain an uninterrupted growth during the fruiting season this trouble can be avoided. It also seems to be true that some varieties crack worse than others.

Leaf Blight—This disease first appears on the leaves as very small black or purplish spots. As the disease advances the spots become larger until finally the tissue within the area dies. These spots frequently converge and form irregular areas. Leaves in the advanced stage of the disease curl up from the tip and edges, turn yellow and drop off. The disease spreads from one place to another by means of tiny microscopic spores, which are formed in black concentric rings of the diseased areas. These spores are carried by insects or by the wind and when one lodges on a leaf and finds conditions favorable it germinates, sends its filaments down into the tissue of the leaf and finally produces a diseased spot similar to the one from which it came. Leaf blight occurs on plants of all sizes and ages, but most frequently when they are approaching maturity. Sometimes, however, it is found in the seed beds, where it spreads rapidly and does considerable damage.

Leaf blight is readily controlled by thorough spraying. Spray with Bordeaux mixture: Four pounds of bluestone, 4 pounds of quick lime to 50 gallons of water. If the disease has been bad in previous years or shows up in the seed beds an application should be made to the seedlings about a week before time to transplant them. A second application should be made two weeks after transplanting; a third, two weeks later; and, if necessary, still another two or three weeks later. If the disease has not been causing serious loss, it will be safe to make the first application as soon as the first signs of the disease occur and to repeat this as seems advisable.—Prof. H. W. Barre, S. C. Experiment Station.

Cold Storage in Europe.

Scientific American.

Many of the European cities are following the example of America as regards cold storage plants. Paris is one of the centers where such questions are now being promoted and the Refrigeration society is endeavoring to bring such questoon before engineers and manufacturers. Not long since there has been built a large cold storage plant in the suburbs of Paris and lying on the North railroad. It is designed to store home products which are to be exported as well as foreign products brought in by rail to be consumed in the city. There are now 11 cold storage chambers in operation. A convenient system is the use of an automobilic wagon with freezing compartments which plies between the city and the storage house. It carries the products to the sellers in town and also takes back the unsold products for storage.

Counted Ants for Two Years.

London Evening Standard.

A marvel of scientific research, says our Berlin correspondent, has been accomplished by Prof. Yemg, who has been investigating the interior condition of anthills. By dint of patient observation. Prof. Yem discovered that an anthill two feet in height was inhabited by 93,780 ants. Other anthills of almost the same size were found to contain 67,500, 53,000 and 48,000 ants, respectively. These observations and the counting of the tiny insects occupied two years.

A Moving Land.

Scientific American.

One of the broad slopes of Mont Gringuez, France, is reported to have become detached from its foundations and to have moved over a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, carrying with it the soil, meadows and woods, and covering up in its passage roads and bridges that stood in the way. A Chestnut grove has traveled 500 feet without suffering any apparent damage, but many small lakes have been formed by the damming of the waters.

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AIR NEEDED FOR LIFE OF PLANTS

Porous Soil Essential to Proper Encouragement of Root Growth.

It is known that plants shed much water from their leaves, and that this water is taken up by the roots. The roots must secure from the soil as much water as they require or the plants cannot thrive. Water is furnished the soil from rains and snows, at irregular intervals. Therefore the ideal soil must act as a reservoir to receive and retain enough of the rain and the snow water to supply the needs of crops.

The soil must be porous. The live roots of plants consist of living cells, which cannot survive long without air. For that reason the soil must be sufficiently porous to admit all the air needed by the roots. The small roots will not grow into clumps or clods that are so compact that air cannot enter. For the rapid growth of roots a soil in the right condition is very much like a wet sponge, with the air circulating through its pores, while the substance of the sponge contains much water.

The roots of most crops grow fastest just at the bottom of the layer of soil that is turned by the plow. The soil above this point is better supplied with air than that below, while the subsoil, which is the part below this point, is better supplied with water than that above. The place where the plowed soil rests on the subsoil is, therefore, best supplied with both air and water.

The majority of soils consist principally of a mixture of clay and sand. Such soils are known as loams. Sandy loams contain more sand than clay and consequently dry rapidly. Clay loams consist mostly of clay, and retain water much better. The best soil for growing crops contains enough water for the use of crops. When there is a presence of too much clay the soil will harden on drying (called "baked"). Soils inclined to bake may be improved by manuring, by the addition of sand or ashes, and often by the use of lime.

If the pores of a soil remained filled with water a long time after rain the air would be forced out and the roots of the crop growing on the land might be smothered. The ideal soil must, therefore, be well drained, so that its pores will not long remain filled with water, even in wet weather. The subsoil must allow the surplus water to pass through it rather easily.

Soils over a subsoil containing too much

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His Garter Upside Down.

King Edward VII as a Sportsman.

The late Duke of Devonshire, who was very careful in everything, once entertained King Edward VII. at a ball at Devonshire House, which was the talk of London. As his majesty went away, he complimented the duke on the magnificent manner in which everything had been done and the way in which the evening had passed off. He said he could not suggest any change for the better, save in one little thing, which he hoped his grace would not mind his mentioning. "What is it, sir," inquired the duke with much anxiety. "Pray tell me."

"You have got your garter on upside down," replied the king.

The New Refusal.

Howell—"I proposed to a suffragette."

Powell—"I suppose she promised to be a sister to you."

Howell—"No, a brother."

ASHTON KIRK Investigator

Continued from First Page.

upstairs, I presume?"

"Only the coroner's man, who came for the body. And they touched nothing but the body. Our orders were strong on that."

"Has anything been heard as the result of the post-mortem?"

"It showed that Hume was in bad shape from too much drink. Then he had a hard knock on the head, and the wound in his chest."

"But there was no sign of a bullet wound?"

"No," said Paulson, surprised. "Nothing like that."

"Just a moment," said the investigator to Pendleton. He crossed the street, walked along for a few paces, then paused at the curb and looked back toward Hume's doorway. Then he returned with quick steps and an alert look in his eyes.

"Now we'll go upstairs," he said.

But before doing so he stopped and examined the lock of the street door closely; then he mounted the stairs slowly, his glances seeming to take in everything. At the top he paused, his head bent, apparently in deep thought. Then he lifted it suddenly, and laughed exultantly.

"That's it," he said, "I'm quite sure that is it."

"I wouldn't doubt your word for an instant," said Pendleton, in something like his old voice. "Whatever it is, I'm quite sure it is if you say so."

The policeman on guard in the hall examined them carefully.

"All right," said he, after they had explained and he had verified it by calling to his mate at the street door. "Go right to work, gents. I'm here to see that nobody gets in from above by way of the scuttle, and I guess I won't be in the way."

There were three gas branches at intervals along the length of the dim hall, each with a cluster of four jets. Ashton-Kirk lighted all three of these and began making a careful examination of the passage. Along toward the rear was a stairway leading to the floor above. Next this was a small room in which there was a water tap. At the extreme end of the hall was a window with a green shade drawn to the bottom.

Ashton-Kirk regarded this for a moment intently. Then he reached up and turned off the gas at the branch nearest the window. Daylight could now be seen through the blind; the investigator pointed and said:

"This shows us something. About six inches of the bottom of the blind is of a decidedly lighter color than the remainder. This is caused by exposure to the light and indicates that this blind has seldom been drawn in daylight as it is now."

He drew back the blind and looked at the side nearest the window. At the top of the faded space was a heavy dark line.

"I'll modify that last statement," said he, with satisfaction. "I'll go as far as to say, now, that the blind has never been drawn since it was put up. This thick line marks the part that lay across the top of the roller, and the dust seems never to have been disturbed."

The gas was lighted once more.

"Hume did not draw that curtain," said Ashton-Kirk, decidedly. "He was too careless a man, apparently, to think of such a thing. The intruders, whoever they were, did it; they had a light, perhaps, and did not want to be——"

He paused abruptly here, and Pendleton heard him draw his breath sharply between his teeth; his eyes were fixed upon the lowermost step of the flight that led to the floor above.

One of the gas branches hung here; its full glare was thrown downward. Following the fixed gaze of his friend, Pendleton saw two partly burned matches, the stump of a candle, and some traces of tallow which had fallen from the latter upon the step. To Pendleton's amazement, his friend dropped to his knees before these as a heathen would before an idol. With the utmost attention he examined them and the step upon which they lay. Then he arose, enthusiasm upon his face.

"Beautiful!" he cried. "I do not recall ever having seen anything just like it!" He slapped Pendleton upon the back with a heavy hand. "Pen, that stump of candle sheds more light than the finest arc lamp ever manufactured."

"I'm watching and I'm listening," spoke Pendleton. "Also I'm agitating my small portion of gray matter. But inspiration, it seems, is not for me. So I'll have to ask you what these things tell you."

"Well, they give me a fairly good view of the man who, while he may not actually have murdered Hume, had much to do with his taking off." He bent over the lower step once more, then looked up with a smile upon his face. "What would you say," asked he, "if I told you that I draw from these things that the gentleman was short, well dressed, near-sighted and knew something of the modern German dramatists.'

"I should say," replied Pendleton, firmly, "that you ought to have your brain looked at. It sounds wrong to me."

Ashton-Kirk laughed and started up the stairs toward the third floor.

"I'll return in a moment," he said. "Don't trouble to come up."

He was gone but a very little while, and when he returned his face wore a satisfied look.

"The bolt of the scuttle is broken, just as Osborne said," he reported. "And anyone who could gain the roof would have little difficulty in effecting an entrance." He led the way down the hall, saying as he went: "Now we'll browse around in the rooms for a while; then we'll be off to dinner."

The storage rom was entered first as upon the earlier visit, but Ashton-Kirk wasted but little time upon it. In the front room, however, he examined things with a minuteness that amazed Pendleton. And yet everything was done quickly; like a keen-nosed hound, the investigator went from one object to another; nothing seemed to escape him, nothing was too small for his attention. One of the first things that he did was to get a chair and plant it gainst the lettered door that led directly into the hall. At the top was a gong with a spring-hammer, one of the sort that rings its warning whenever the door is opened; and this the investigator examined with care.

He then passed into the railed space where the body had lain and where the darkened trail of blood still bore ghastly testimony to what had occurred. The man's singular eyes scanned the floor, the walls, the flat-topped desk. On this last his attention again became rivited; and once more Pendleton heard his breath drawn sharply between his teeth.

"When Hume was struck upon the head," said Ashton-Kirk, after a moment, "he was standing at this desk. He had just sprung up, probably upon hearing a sound of some kind. See where the chair is pushed back against the wall, just as he would have pushed it had he arisen hastily. When he struck he fell across the desk." He pointed to a dark trickle of blood down the back of the piece of furniture in question. "That is the result of the blow upon the head, and probably flowed from the mouth and nostrils. After the first senseless lurch the body settled back and slid to the position in which it was found. Here is a blotting pad, a small pair of shears, a box of clips and a letter scale upon the floor. The top the desk is of polished wood; it is perfectly smooth; there are no crevices or anything of the sort to catch hold of anything. When the body slipped from it, it must have swept everything with it, cleanly. And yet," bending forward over the desk and picking up a minute red particle, "here, directly in the center, we find this."

"What is it?" asked Pendleton eagerly.

Ashton-Kirk placed the red particle on his palm and held it out. It was shapped like a keystone, and had apparently been cut from something that had been printed upon.

"It is that portion of a railroad ticket which a conductor's punch bites out, and which litters the floor and the seats in trains. Have you never had one fall from your clothes after a railroad journey?"

Pendleton looked at the tiny red fragment, and then at the desk.

"If Hume fell acros sthe desk, as you've just said," he remarked, slowly, "and pulled all these other things to the floor with him—why, Kirk, this bit of card, in the very center of the polished top,—it must have dropped there afterwards."

"Exactly," said Ashton-Kirk. "And now, if you don't mind, just step out into the hall and ask Paulson to come up."

Pendleton did so; and while he was gone, Ashton-Kirk placed the red fragment carefully in his card-case. When the other re-entered with Paulson at his heels, he asked:

"Have any of the policemen detailed here been out of town recently?"

"No," replied Paulson. "There have been five besides myself, and they have been on duty every day."

"Thank you," said the investigator. And as the policeman went out, he made his way into the kitchen. Here, however, his examination was brief, as was that of the bedroom also. At length he paused, his hands in his pockets, his head thrown back, satisfaction lighting his dark, keen face.

"That is all, I think," said he. "There have only been a few pages, but the print has been exceedingly good and the matter of much interest." He looked at a clock that ticked solemnly upon a shelf. "We have half an hour to reach my place and dress," he said. "I'm afraid that we'll be late, and that Edouard will be annoyed. His cookery is so exquisitely timed that it is scarcely the better for delay."

"Wait a minute," said Pendleton, grasping his friend's arm. "What part did Edyth—Miss Vale—play in all this? I can see you have formed in your mind some sort of completed action. Where does she come into it?"

"Completed!" Ashton-Kirk smiled into the pale, set face of his friend. "You give me too much credit, old chap. I have some undoubted scenes from the drama; but most of the remainder are merely detached lines and bits of stage business. As to Miss Vale," here the smile vanished, "I have been unable to make up my mind just how far she is concerned, if at all. However, perhaps 24 hours will make it all clear enough. In the meantime I will say this to you: Don't jump to harsh conclusions, Pen. You know this young lady well. How far do you suppose she would go to the perpetrating of a downright crime?"

"Not a step!" answered Pendleton, promptly.

"Then," said Ashton-Kirk, "until we know positively that she has done so, stick to that."

(To be Continued)

Paper Cups to Boost St. Louis.

St. Louis Republic.

The Business Men's League has originated a new medium for advertising St. Louis. Taking advantage of the campaign for sanitary improvements and the innovation of the individual drinking cup, the league has had fashioned distinctive paper cups, which are being distributed throughout the city. On one side in large red letters is printed: "Drink in the facts about St. Louis printed on the other side as you use this cup."

King George's Indian Show

VAST AND splendid as the coronation has been, London has not set the highest mark for gorgeous and picturesque royal shows centered about King George. That remains for Delhi to do next December. Calcutta, the matropolis and capital of India, will present a wonderful picture of oriental pomp and magnificence during the week that the king is to spend there. The million residents will probably be outnumbered by the multitudes that will flock into the city to see the processions and fireworks and other spectacles.

But the crowning celebration of the king's visit to the British Indian empire will come in the city which was the capital of the Moguls when their emperors ruled Hindustan. It will be in Delhi that the scenic effects and the glitter and gorgeousness of the coronation year will reach their climax.

The durbar at Delhi, when the princes and potentates of India will gather to pay homage to the head of the empire of which India is an unruling part, is six months distant and the preparations for the great event are going on. Extraordinary measures are being taken to make the occasion as complete a success as possible.

Streets through which the elephant procession will pass are being widened to accommodate better the enormous crowds that will strive to get a good view of the great beasts covered with cloth of gold, glittering with gems and caparisoned in the most magnificent fabrics the world can produce, not to speak of the still more gorgeous princes who will ride upon them. Special tests of dust-preventing preparations are in progress.

Already the Delhi hotels are filled with engineers working upon lighting systems, arrangements for an adequate water supply and like preparations for the durbar, and with contractors and dealers in supplies who have similar business in the ancient Mogul capital. Hotel proprietors and owners of houses see what is in store and their rates have risen accordingly.

Two houses have been rented by engineering firms at $2,650 for seven months, although they are of the class of dwellings that bring about $25 to $30 a month in ordinary times. An ordinary one-story hotel has been leased for the ingle month of December by one of the Indian princes for $20,000.

It must be remembered that these princes are in a city where multitude of men and women work long hours for 10 cents a day or less. The scale of prices for anything of native origin is so low in India that the sums demanded for the use of premises in Delhi during the pageants incidental to the vit of King George are correspondingly extraordinary and oppressive.

The king himself will live in a tent, according to the official announcement of his plans, and this will mitigate the extortionate demands of Delhi landlords. It will set a fahion for tent accommodations during the crowded days of the durbar ceremonies and festivities.

There is no doubt that the show in the old capital of other times will be well worth paying a high price to see. It will outdo the pictures of oriental magnificence in remote ages, in fiction as well as in fact. As a glittering and almost incredible parade of the stored-up magnificence of a land where millions of subjects pay tribute all their lives to enable their rulers to pils up greater treasures, the durbar for King George will set a new mark for the world. By comparison with that oriental splendor the vast demonstration of British loyalty and enthusiasm and national pride which has been witnessed in London will seem dull-hued and wanting in visible evidence of riches.

But in England the coronation ceremonies have been in accord with the will and feeling of the people. The nation has had what it wanted. India is certain to be in a different state of mind. The king and the pageants in his honor will attract great interest, but will leave India still hostile, in the main, to British rule.

QUESTION BUREAU

RULES—1. Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any question involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Dont' ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers we will reply in print, but never by mail.

TO CLEAN COPPER

I would like to have The Blade tell me how to clean copper and polish it so that it will not become dull very soon.—G. S., Gaylesville, Ala.

Copper may be cleaned with a mixture of rotten stone, soft soap, and oil of turpentine, mixed to the consistency of stiff putty. The stone should be powdered very fine and sifted; and a quantity of the mixture may be made to last for a long while. The articles first should be washed with hot water to remove the grease. Then a little of the above mixture, mixed with water, should be rubbed over the metal. This should be rubbed off briskly with a dry, clean rag or piece of leather, and a beautiful polish will be obtained.

Copper can also be cleaned with sweet oil and tripoli, powdered bath brick, rotten stone, or red brick dust, rubbed on with flannel and polished with leather.

TENNESSEE CLIMATE

I would like to have you tell me something through the Question Bureau about the climate of Tennessee.—B. S. Peebles, O.

Tennessee has a double climate, one resulting from elevation and the other from latitude. The great difference in elevation gives to the part of the state lying on the Mississippi river the climate of the highlands of Louisiana, while the mountainous region of the state has the climate of Montreal. The extremes of heat and cold are less, though the mean temperature is the same. The winters are milder and the summers are cooler. The winters are usually cold enough in the northern half of the state to secure ice. The average annual amount of precipitation is about 50 inches, and includes rain, hail, sleet and melted snow.

CYRUS M'CORMICK

I would like to have you give me a sketch of the life of Cyrus McCormick in the columns o fthe Question Bureau.—G. W., Pineville, W. Va.

Cyrus Hall McCormick, the American inventor and manufacturer, was born in Virginia in 1809, and died in Chicago, May 13, 1884. In 1845 he removed from Virginia to Cincinnati, and two years later to Chicago. In 1831 he invented an improved reaping machine which was patented and further improved, and which brought him great wealth and world-wide fame. He contributed liberally to the establishment of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest, in Chicago. McCormick has also endowed a chair in Washington and Lee university, Virginia.

TRANSCAUCASIA

Please tell me what you can about the region called Transcaucasia.—W. M., Pimento, Ind.

Transcaucasia is the region extending between the Caucasus mountains on the north, and Turkey in Asia, and Persia on the south. The provinces on both sides of the Caucasus, with the added Armenian districts, constitute Caucasia or Caucasia in the wildest sense, and are under one central authority, with eleven minor provinces. The territory is sometimes divided into North Caucasia, Transcaucasia, and Armenia. Their chief town is Tiflis. Transcaucasia comprises eight provinces with a total area of 94,182 square miles, and a population of over five million.

ORSON S. FOWLER

Will you please give a biography of O. S. Fowler?—I. L. G., Sylvatus, Va.

Orson Squire Fowler, the American phrenologist, was born October 11, 1809, and died August 18, 1887. In 1834 he graduated from Amherst college and opened a phrenological office in New York the following year. In 1836 he and his brother wrote and published Phrenology Proved, Illustrated and Applied, and in 1838 issued the fist number of The American Phrenological Journal. Subsequently Fowler lectured on his specialty and allied subjects in the United States and Canada and wrote and published numerous books on the same thing.

ILLINOIS MARRIAGE LAWS

Please tell something about the marriage laws of Illinois.—G. E. M., Treadwell, N. Y.

Before one marries in the state of Illinois he must procure a marriage license. Marriage between first cousins is forbidden in that state, and also with step-relatives. In Illinois a male can only marry after he is 21, without the consent of his parents. A female must be 18 years of age before she can marry without her parents' consent.

TO CLEAN GILDING

I would like to have you tell me a good method for cleaning gilding on picture frames.—C. N., Union, Mich.

The following can be used to clean anything in the way of gilding: Quicklime, one ounce; sprinkle with a little hot water to slack it, then gradually add one pint of boiling water so as to form a milk; dissolve two ounces of pearlash in one and one-half pints of boiling water; mix the two solutions, cover up, agitate occasionally for an hour, allow it to settle, decant the clear, put it into flat half-pint bottles and cork them down well. It is used to clean gilding, either alone or diluted with water. It is applied with a soft sponge and then washed off with clean water. It is essentially a weak solution of potassa, and may be extemporaneously prepared by diluting liquor of potassa with about five times its volume of water.

TANNING SKINS

Will you please tell me in the Question Bureau how to tan the skin of a groundhog with the fur on?—C. M. Salesville, O.

An excellent plan for tanning any kind of skins with the fur on is to proceed as follows: Cut off all the useless parts, soak the skin in order to soften it, then remove the fatty matter from the inside and soak the skin in warm water for an hour. Next mix equal parts of borax, saltpetre and glauber salts (sulphate of soda), in the proportion of about one-half ounce of each for each skin, with sufficient water to make a thin paste. Spread this mixture with a brush over the inside of the skin, applying more on the thicker parts than on the thinner; double the skin together, flesh side inward, and place it in a cool place. After standing 24 hours, wash the skin clean and apply in the same manner as before a mixture of one ounce of salsoda, one-fourth ounce of borax and two ounces of hard white soap, melted slowly together without being allowed to boil, fold together again and put away in a warm place for 24 hours. After this, dissolve four ounces alum, eight ounces salt and two ounces saleratus, in sufficient hot rainwater to saturate the skin; when cool enough not to scald the hands, soak the skin in it for 12 hours; then wring it out and hang it up to dry. When dry repeat this soaking and drying two or three times, till the skin is sufficiently soft. Lastly, smooth the inside with fine sandpaper and pumice stone.

STANDARD TIME

Please give an account of standard time in the columns of The Blade.—I. C. K., Clifty, Ind.

The measure of any circle, including the circumference of the earth, of course, is 360 degrees. The earth revolves on its axis once in 24 hours; hence the sun appears to pass over one-twenty-fourth of the circumference of the earth in one hour. It is always noon at some point on the earth's surface, and of course at a point half-way around the earth, it is midnight. The extension of the railway systems of the United States, which cover nearly 60 degrees of longitude, caused all kinds of trouble because of the difference of time. It is noon by the sun at any point on the earth's surface when the sun is directly over the meridian of that point—that is, it is noon by sun time; but nobody runs by sun time. Why? Because the movement of the earth in its orbit is faster in winter than in summer; so that the time commonly called "sun time," at each city, is not sun time, as measured by the minute the sun reaches the meridian of that point; but, what is called "mean time," which is the average time throughout the year that the sun, would be on the meridian, if the motion of the earth were absolutely equal at all points in its orbit.

The more the railway business of the country increased, the greater became the trouble. So, in 1883, the system called "standard time" was devised and adopted by all the railroads in the United Stated. The plan—and a remarkably wise one—was, to designate certain meridians, 15 degrees apart—and where the difference in actual sun time would, of course be exactly one hour—and have the time be the same for a space of country, of which these meridians should be the middle.

The first meridian is that of 75 degrees west of Greenwich. This line passes just east of Philadelphia. For seven and one-half degrees east and west of this, the railroads keep what is known as "Eastern Time." The next meridian is that of 90 degrees west of Greenwich, which passes through Wisconsin, eastern Iowa and close to Memphis. This is called "Central Time." The next is the space, 15 degrees wide, of which the meridian of 105 degrees west of Greenwich is the middle. That meridian passes through the eastern edges of Montana and Wyoming, and just west of Denver. This is called "Mountain Time." The next time-strip has its middle on the meridian of 120 degrees west of Greenwich, which passes through Washington, Oregon and California. This is called "Pacific Time."

For instance, suppose one is traveling from San Francisco east, and sets his watch in that city. Suppose he comes east over the Union Pacific. At Ogden, which the railroad has made the point of time-division, he sets his watch an hour faster. At Cheyenne Mills, Col., he sets it an hour faster again, for he changes from Mountain to Central time. He reaches Chicago, and goes east over the Lake Shore. At Buffalo he sets his watch one hour faster, that being the dividing point between Central and Eastern time. When he does this, he finds his watch agreeing with the time of the places through which he passes, and with the railway timecards. If he traveled westward, he would simply set his watch one hour slower at the point named.

THE 17-YEAR LOCUST

Please give a descripion of the 17-year locust in the Question Bureau.—H. A. B., Hiawassee, Ga.

The 17-year cicada which is wrongly called the 17-year locust, is the longest lived of any known insect, as the grub or nymph lives for over 16 years sucking the roots of the forest trees, often several feet below the surface; in the late spring it finishes its transformations, and usually at the last of May of the beginning of June, issues in enormous numbers from the ground. This appearance of the 17-year brood dates as far back as 1633. At the present time each year has its brood or broods, each limited, as a rule, to a well defined district. There are 30 of such broods scattered over a large area in the Atlantic and central states. The southern limits are northern Georgia and the western limits eastern Nebraska and Kansas.

INTERNATIONAL DATE LINE

Will you please give an explanation of the international date line?—J. W. C., DeGraff, O.

This line is imaginary, and is drawn through the Pacific ocean somewhat irregularly, but tending in a general northerly and southerly direction and separating the islands of the ocean in such a way that all those which lie to the east of it carry the same date as the United States, while all those which lie on the west of it carry the same date as Japan and Australia. The nature of this line may be made by the following ilustration: A traveler leaves New York City at noon on Sunday and proceeds westward just as fast as the earth turns in apparent westward progress with such precision that he keeps it always directly south of him. It will be noon, therefore, at every place he passes. If, however, he asks the day of the week at every point of his journey he will be told that it is Sunday at all points in the United States, and even as far west as Hawaii. This cannot hold true indefinitely, however, because when he has gone entirely around the world and has returned to New York he will have been gone 24 hours, and will therefore be told that it is Monday noon. Yet it has always been the same day to him, and there must have been some place on the journey where he was told for the first time that the day was Monday instead of Sunday. At this place, if he wishes to be in accord with the people he meets he must arbitrarily change his day from Sunday to Monday. Marines are in the habit of making the change upon crossing the 180th meridian from Greenwich, England, but this fact is of no service to us if we wish to compare the date carried on one of the Pacific islands with the corresponding date (say) at New York, because the mariners pay no attention to the local dates on the islands that they pass. The ideal way to find out where the date actually does change would be to canvass the entire Pacific so as to find out what date is actually in use on every one of the Islands bearing at some given instant. A line drawn from pole to pole in such a manner as to keep all islands bearing one date on one side and all islands bearing the other date on the other side would afford a perfectly definite basis for the comparison of dates and would be the true "international date line." No such canvass has been made. As a general rule it may be said that the date now in use upon most of the different islands or groups is the date which results from the one carried there by the European or American colonists, and this date will presumably come from the east or the west. This is not true universally, however, because arbitrary changes are known to have been made in a number of cases. One example of this was in the case of Alaska. When it was purchased by the United States the date in use there was made to conform with the one used in our country.

JOHN C. CALHOUN

I would like to have you please give a sketch of the life of John C. Calhoun.—E. C., Maysville, Tenn.

John Caldwell Calhoun, the American statesman, was born in South Carolina, March 18, 1782, and died at Washington, March 31, 1850. He was of Irish extraction, and graduated from Yale college in 1804. He then studied law at the Litchfield, Conn., Law School, and was admitted to the bar in 1807, commencing his practice at Abbeville, S. C., his native town. He was a member of the state assembly from 1808 to 1809, and in 1811 was elected to congress as a representative by the war Democrats. Calhoun retained his seat until 1817, when President Monroe appointed him secretary of war. From 1825 to 1832 he was vice president of the United States; was U. S. senator from 1832 to 1843; and was secretary of state under President Tyler from 1844 to 1845. At that time he was re-elected to the U. S. senate, of which he was a member from then until his death. At all times he defended the institution of slavery and was the author of the doctrine of nullification, according to which each state has the right to reject any act of congress which it may consider unconstitutional. Calhoun was one of the chief instruments in securing the annexation of Texas.

GUGLIELMO MARCONI

Please give in the columns of The Blade the biography of Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor.—C. A. M., Round Bottom, O.

Guglielmo Marconi, the Italian inventor and electrical engineer, was born September 23, 1875. He was educated at the universities of Bologna and Padua, and as early as 1890 undertook experiments in the demonstration of his theory that electric current readily passes through any substance, and when started in a given direction follows a direct course without the assistance of any sort of a conductor. He invented an apparatus for wireless telegraphy which was successfully tested in England and Italy by Sir William Henry Preece. In 1899 he came to the United States, where he continued his experiments, and in the following year reported the presidential election by his method. By March 27, 1899, he had already sent messages across the English channel between two stations about 32 miles from each other. In December, 1901, he began his first experiments in sending messages across the ocean without wires. His station was at Signal Hill, in Newfoundland. The American Cable Co., which holds a monopoly from Newfoundland, compelled him to withdraw when his success became apparent by his receiving and distinguishing signals sent from Poldhu station, England. He then selected another station at Table Head, on the east of Glace bay, Cape Breton Island. In February, 1902, while on his way to this country in a steamship, he received signals at a distance of 2,099 miles and worded messages at a distance of 1,551.5 miles. On December 21, 1902, the first official transatlantic telegrams were sent from Table Head. Both England and Italy then introduced the Marconi system on their warships.

BOIES PENROSE

Will you please give a sketch of the life of Boies Penrose in the Question Bureau?—C. E. H., Kelly, Pa.

Boies Penrose, the American lawyer and politician, was born in Philadelphia, Pa., November 1, 1860. He was graduated from Harvard in 1881, studied law, and was admitted to the bar in 1883. He established a law practice in Philadelphia. In 1884 he was elected to the lower house of the Pennsylvania legislature, and while there was active in securing a reformed charter for the city of Philadelphia. In 1886 he was elected to the upper house of the legislature and several times re-elected, serving till 1895. For two terms he was president pro tem. of the senate. In 1897 he became United States senator, and in 1903 was re-elected for the full six years' term, being the unanimous choice of the party. During his last term Penrose was chairman of the committee on postoffices and postroads, and a member of the committees on commerce, finance and on immigration.

THE MIDNIGHT JUDICIARY

Please explain what is meant by the midnight judiciary.—H. H. H., Poe, W. Va.

In the presidential election of 1800, the Federalists were defeated. In order to gain every possible political advantage for their party, the Federalist majority in congress enacted laws creating 23 new judgeships, although there was no necessity for such increase. President John Adams was busy until after midnight on the last day of his term in signing the commissions of these judges, who were nicknamed the "midnight judges."

MISCELLANEOUS

W. P., Canton, N. C.—See a lawyer for the information you want.

A. H., New Marshfield, O.—We have not the information you desire.

J. M. F., Flushing, O.—Mrs. Custer, the wife of General Custer, is still living; her home is in Monroe, Mich.

Austrian Red Tape.

At Kopist, near Bruex, in January last a miner named Brzek risked his life in saving a boy from drowning. His heroic action cost him a severe cold, resulting in a long sickness. On the advice of friends he appealed to the authorities for some assistance. After a delay of several weeks he received an answer informing him that he had been fined one crown because he had omitted to place the proper stamp on his petition for help. Austrian red tape could scarcely go further.

Millions of Stockholders

WHEN the methods and organization and the very existence of great corporations is a subject of earnest and often heated discussion, it is interesting to note the vast number of Americans who hold stock in such companies and the much greater army of people who are indirectly but none the less certainly in a position similar to that of the stockholders.

No effort to take a census of these classes, or either of them, has ever been carried farther than very vague and incomplete figures. No such undertaking can ever be successful, under existing conditions or conditions likely to exist, but it is not difficult to indicate clearly the fact that the stockholders in great corporations exceed 1,000,000 or to show that the class which might be described as indirect stockholders reaches many millions.

Several months ago the New York Journal of Commerce compiled and published statistics which showed that 110 railroad companies and industrial corporations, 54 of the whole number being railways and 56 industrial concerns, had 626,984 stockholders. The railways had 288,160 and the industrial companies, largely of the class known as trusts, counted 338,824.

The average number of shares held in the railroad group was greater than the average for the industrial companies, the latter showing only about 93 to every stockholder. The average for all of the 626,984 stockholders in the railroads and the industrial companies together was 116 and a fraction.

It is self-evident that if there were more than 626,000 sons owning stock in only 110 of the great corporations in the United States the whole number of shareholders in all of the big companies in this country would be many millions. But the factor easily overlooked is that many stockholders counted in one company are also interested in several other corporations of like nature. In exceptional cases the same man may be counted in that way 20 times over.

On the other hand, when one company such as the Pennsylvania railroad pays dividends to 64,869 persons, as it did recently, there is no doubt that in all of the great corporations, railroad, industrial and of all other kinds, there must be more than 1,000,000 separate individuals. It is safe to say that the Pennsylvania railroad has not more than one in every 20 stockholders in the entire list of great corporations.

The indirect stockholders and bondholders of the big corporations are a far greater body. They include many millions of men and women. In this class may be counted the owners of bank deposits secured, in large part, by the stocks and bonds of big corporations. A statement made public not long ago by the comproller of the currency showed that the banks held the enormous sum of $1,455,100,000 in railroad bonds. They also own stocks of the par value of $283,000,000, chiefly in great companies.

The depositors in these banks, directly interested in keeping the property of the banks on a reasonably secure basis, are counted by millions. But numerous as they are, they are outnumbered by another class likewise interested in the stocks and bonds of big companies.

The life insurance companies hold about $900,000,000 in railroad stocks and bonds, that one class of investments being equal to 25 per cent of their assets. The millions of policy holders in these companies are all directly interested in the value of the securities they own because the property of the insurance companies is the protection of the men and women insured.

Altogether, it is easy to perceive the number of Americans who have a personal, pecuniary interest, direct or indirect, in the value of the stocks and bonds of big corporations is several millions. There are over 28,000,000 policies in force in regular reserve life insurance companies, but it is impossible to tell how many different persons they insure. There are also more than 9,000,000 depositors in savings banks alone, but that number should be reduced by millions to cut out the duplications caused by the fact that great numbers of men keep deposits in several banks. And millions of savings bank depositors are counted among the holders of life insurance policies.

It is a certainty that many millions of people are directly or indirectly interested in the price of the stock and bonds of the great corporations. The mutitude is so vast that it can only be guessed at, with no attempt at precision.

Puzzling Ohio Names

Cleveland Leader

WHEN I linger more than a day or two in a town during my travels here or abroad," said Colonel W. C. Lemert, of Bucyrus, O., "I usually have to answer questions about the name of my home town. The name is an unusual one, and for many years very few of the home people knew just exactly where the name came from or what it meant. There is a difference of opinion to this day as to the actual derivation of the name, and the most popular explanation is that Colonel Kilbourne, who laid out the village, wanted a name that had never been used before in America. Well, he got a nonesuch, and there have been few towns in the west named for our beloved city.

"The pet tradition in Bucyrus is that Colonel Kilbourne was a great admirer of Cyrus, the Persian general, and that the town's name is really in honor of Cyrus, with the 'bu' prefixed for euphony's sake. Then there has been a discussion over the contention that the name was really that of Busirus in Egypt and the spelling was changed for no particular reason. Colonel Kilbourne, the founder, lived to see Bucyrus much of a town, and he enjoyed coming to it in the early days.

"Anyhow, Bucyrus is the one town in the state whose name is yet a puzzler, and we do not worry much about it. Years ago we had a clever citizen named D. R. Locke, who went to Toledo and became famous as an editor and author of the Petroleum V. Nasby humorous political letters. Locke lived in our section when there was an element friendly to the south before and during the Civil War, and the hotbed of this sentiment was at Wingerts Corners. You recall that the Nasby letters were all dated Confedrit X Roads. That was the Nasby name for Wingerts Corners, and the Petroleum V. Nasby signature was taken from the name of Peter Vail, an old character of Bucyrus, who was noted for his sympathy with the Southern slaveholders. Other characters in the Nasby letters were quickly recognized by old Bucyrus residents, who knew Locke when he was in our midst as an editor. These old Nasby letters are good reading yet, but you cannot find his book in any library, and I have tried from Washington to Frisco."

The Real Thing.

"Oh, May! Jim and Bill fought a duel over me!"

"How romantic! What happened?"

"It was terrible! I came into the room and those foolish boys were pointing big pistols at each other!"

"Pistols? Heavens! Were they loaded?"

"Not a bit. They were both sober!"

Lighthouse Without a Keeper.

Washington Post.

"What do you think of a perpetual lighthouse, needing no keeper and yet as regular in its flashes as one maintained by the government?" asked Albert D. Van Wyck.

"This natural light never fails, and that means much for navigation. It is a volcano on the island of San Salvador. This volcanic lighthouse is about eighty miles inland from the port of Acajutla. It is a veritable pillar of cloud by day and the flash of its light by night has been valuable to mariners for years. It can been seen far out at sea and a burst of flame has gone upward every seven minutes without the variation of a second for many years.

"A lighthouse fee is collected of all vessels that put in at the harbor nearest the volcano and no skipper objects. He knows that the lighthouse kept by human beings on other coasts and the novelty of the light is worth the price charged by the government."

He Brought Him Down.

Youth's Companion.

Among the less known writers of the nineteenth century was Samuel Rogers. He kept open house, and frequently entertained Dickens, Macaulay, Carlyle and other celebrities of the time. Rogers was a notable wit, but unfortunately his thrusts were not always tempered with kindness. Irving, in a letter, says: "I dined tete-a-tete with him some time since, and he served up his friends as he served up his fish, with a squeeze of lemon over each. It was very piquant, but it set my teeth on edge."

The same caustic flavor of his wit is shown in a story he was fond of telling to the discredit of French valor.

An Englishman and a Frenchman had got into a wordy squabble, which led

TOLEDO BLADE.

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Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
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Time and Tide

That is a fine old copy book maxim which tells us that time and tide wait for no man. There is another one—"Lost opportunities never return." Both are applicable in the case of Blade advertisements. The time to read these business announcements is now. If you neglect them this week it will be easier to forget them next week. Do not let a good thing slip by unobserved.

Nothing looks much cooler than a corset advertisement.

The wife of a self-made man should have at least half the credit.

The great success of the coronation was largely due to the dressmakers.

If a man is innocent he ought to be willing to take a chance in any court.

Others may forget you, but an old friend in hard luck has a good memory.

Good time to take a vacation. The senate is going to talk reciprocity for six weeks.

Census bureaus haven't very good taste. They always speak of women as females.

Dr. Osler will accept a baronetcy. He would rather take that than chloroform.

Marie Corelli says Balfour slept while George was being crowned. Did he snore, Marie?

We can't believe that the drought was sent to Missouri to punish the Kansas sinners.

With a microbe in every kiss how many narrow escapes do you suppose you have had?

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to wear his whiskers inside his vest?

This is a busy world, but somebody has time to practice on the piano every afternoon.

There isn't much hope for the man who can't be an optimist during the cherry pie season.

Very few people, it seems, had any reason to regard the sugar trust as a friend of the family.

The sugar trust seems to have been the kind that wears side whiskers and poses as an altruist.

A Boston woman started out to do a man's work—but it rained and her back hair came down.

It would be more or less interesting to know what the per capita alimony of the country is.

Another man is out in support of La Follette for President. The cause of the pompadour is growing.

Before the invention of the telephone women had to exchange their cherry canning confidences by mail

It is now contrary to law to swear at telephone girls in Missouri. It is still legal to marry them, however.

Never too old to learn is the motto of the New York man who has commenced to smoke at the age of 95.

There wouldn't be much money in the sale of mirrors that would enable us to see ourselves as others see us.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who used to wear a cabbage leaf in his hat in hot weather?

What has become of the old-fashioned woman who used to grease the cat's foot with lard to make it stay at home?

Luther Burbank is said to be experimenting with watermelons. Somebody ought to tell Luther to let well enough alone.

Champ Clark predicts that Pennsylvania will go Democratic next year. Champ has more audacity than any other living prophet.

The girls we see on the car coming down town in the morning don't act as if they are ambitious to become clinging vines.

A Kansas man says God is using the drouth to punish the sins of Kansas people. No doubt that sort of talk pleases the devil.

A Philadelphia woman says the nation's best cooks are farmers' wives. And the old dinner bell makes sweeter music than the hotel orchestra.

After looking at a picture of Queen Mary's twenty-yard train we have decided that we like the tail of the peacock better. It is more symmetrical.

A New York woman warns girls against sons of rich men and good looking suitors. She says she had four of them and was not happy. An overdose probably caused her trouble.

THE LAST KING.

George V. of England had the misfortune to succeed a very able and an exceedingly popular sovereign. He cannot hope either to perform such excellent services as his father has been credited with, nor to win his way to so many hearts. He has inherited a crown, but not a personality.

Yet the king anointed last wtek is not without strong individuality. This has been attested by those who have run contrary to his views and by others who, in one way or another, have offended him. A great political strategy was nipped in the bud a year or so ago through the interference of the king, a step his predecessor would probably have avoided. George V. has distinct ideas as to social standings, respectability and the wearing of clothes. Considering how little an English sovereign has to do in the real conduct of the government, it is no doubt a good thing that some of the simpler duties of the actual rulers of the empire are lifted from their shoulders. One would scarcely ask that Lloyd-George study the guest list of a dinner to the king and blue pencil it in keeping with "Burke's Peerage" or the number of scandals associated with the names. Mr. Asquith, the premier, has political flirtations daily with the Irish Nationalists, the Scotch Socialists and members of the Labor party. Naturally, his ideas of respectability might clash with those entertained by Queen Mary. Winston Churchill has been condemned by the Sartorial Weekly. His taste in trousers is said to be execrable. So, King George has his work cut out for him.

No less an authority than Mr. Andrew Carnegie has said that this will be the last coronation in England. Which means that kings are going out of style, even in tradition-loving Britain. Perhaps George V. would be pleased with the idea. It is delightful to know that after one is made the mold has been broken.

A BAD GUESSER.

James Proctor Knott won his fame upon the strength of a single speech. In speaking of Duluth as the "zenith city of the unsalted seas" he invented a grandiloquent phrase which may ever be associated with the name of the community he satirized.

The spech is a fair sample of the short-sightedness of statesmanship. It pleased Knott to describe with humor his difficulties in finding the name of Duluth upon the maps . But Duluth since that day has got upon the map very much, indeed.

There is no city in Knott's home state which can touch it in commercial greatness. More ore and grain trains run into Duluth in their season than through the length and breadth of all Kentucky. The statistics of its water shipping stand beside those of the greatest ports of the world. Knott of course, could not see the wonders that were to come about at the head of navigation. His interest, moreover, was wrapped up in the aftermath of the civil war, and probably to the day of his death he had no true understanding of forces that were entirely independent of the issues that concerned his attention.

Duluth might have that speech reproduced in bronze and set up in a public place. It constitutes one of the worst guesses known to American history.

A PLAYED-OUT GAME?

There was one essential to the profession of high finance as it was practiced in its heydey. Secrecy had to be maintained. The manipulations and strategies fell short if the principals had too many confidants or were reckless in their statements to the press. After the deeds were perpetrated, the same close-mouthed attitude was held. What the public knew was a thing to worry about less than what the public did not know and might find out.

In the investigations of the sugar and steel trusts, the witnesses have chosen to drop that assumption of driveling memory made notorious by the late Henry H. Rogers. They are discovered so oddly frank that no one feels in the least like crying for their punishment. The sugar men gave up the history of the Havemeyer regime with a freedom which left their examiners befogged and confused, utterly unable to question them intelligently. One of the steel promoters embroidered his evidence with interesting and intimate anecdotes, and another made an appeal to the government to take virtual control of the whole blessed corporation.

There are good signs in these incidents. They may mean that the bottom has dropped out of the high finance industry. The captains may have decided that the jig was up.

A NEW REPUBLIC

At a conference to be held in Caracas, Venezuela, an attempt is to be made to reunite five of the South American republics which once acknowledged one government. A few idealists have so impressed their views upon the countries interested that the question is to be taken up earnestly and disposed of.

Since the days of the Great Liberator, the South Americans have been developing local prejudices and national patriotisms. They have acquired hates and jealousies, have fought over boundary lines, gobbled one another's territory, enjoyed an occasional pillaging raid and thrown stones through legation windows. Yet the South Americans are realizing that they have interests in common. Despite the protests of the United States, they have been restless under our well meaning offices and have chosen to be suspicious of our good will. They have beheld the commercial invasion of the Germans and felt that political impulses were behind it which might, some day, lead to the formal seizure of territory.

If the five members of the original Grand Republic of South America believe that threats from abroad warrant the writing of a new compact of union, the powers will have a new force to deal with. The Monroe doctrine may be discarded as outworn and needless. The formation of a German colony in the western hemisphere may be cast aside as a dream.

A HEALTHY SUSPICION.

A number of gun and ammunition makers recently made a gift to the Audubon society for the purpose of aiding the organization in protecting bird life. The officers accepted the check with every mark of gratitude, however strange they thought the source. But after a lot of people had questioned the sincerity of the benefactors and had pointed out that the gift was a long shot for profit, inasmuch as the more birds there are the more there are to kill, the Audubon society backed up and returned the present.

Even in the most kindly hearted and high minded circles it is sometimes thought well to entertain a little suspicion.

THE OUTLAW COUNTRY.

Among the few places left in the United States where the telegraph poles form no part of the landscape is that of northern Idaho to which a bandit fled this week a few hours ahead of a posse thirsting for opportunity to sight a rifle upon his body.

A prospector who went into that country, known aptly as the Seven Devils, described it as the place where all the miles were set on edge. Hunters have gone for days through its gullies and canons, climbed its steeps and chopped ways through its underbrush, and never came upon a sardine can—which of all the signs of man is most common in the unsettled sections of the west. Years ago the cattle rustlers, the murderers, the horse thieves and others fallen athwart the law or fearful of private vengeance, have sought the land as a refuge. It is, in short, a vast hiding place, wild and forbidding and lonesome. Year by year the irrigating ditches change the aspect of Idaho. Fruit trees succeed the sage brush, and where the choking alkaline dust swept into the train windows the traveler now gets the whiff of blossoms and growing things when the locomotive smoke lets him. But the invasion of the Seven Devils, save by the gold seekers, has not begun. For many a year yet the outlaw may claim it as his own.

UPON STERILE GROUND

Governor Wilson, in addressing the members of the state bar association of New Jersey, declared that the reform of legal practice and of the judiciary could be brought about within a year if the bar and bench sincerely wished for reform. He cited the history of such a reform in England. That was carried out by the judges themselves, without aid from legislation.

The lawyer who possesses an intricate knowledge of all forms of procedure has a great advantage over his less well-informed or less experienced brethren. He would not give up his advantage willingly. He would not like to be compelled to study new methods or conform himself to conditions which, through their simplicity, might put him back in the position he was as a struggling young lawyer. It is from these men that the greatest opposition to reform must be expected. Few will change until they have to.

Governor Wilson's suggestions for betterments have probably fallen upon sterile ground. When the reform is undertaken in earnest it will be by the people acting under the wise direction of lawyers who are independent of conditions as they prevail.

HIS MISTAKE.

A Scotch clergyman has recently been studying the condition of women in New York. He has found them intelligent, independent, efficient and altogether interesting. He says:

> Your American women have opened my eyes, and if I needed any such stimulus, I am now a more ardent believer in woman suffrage than ever. America has shown to me what women can do if they but have the opportunity, and I am going to try to give them that opportunity.
>
> We have been vastly illogical in our treatment of women in Scotland. We allow them when they are householders to vote for members of town council, the parish council and the school board, but we do not allow them to vote for members of parliament. I realize now the injustice of this.

As a Briton he confuses a British movement with our tendencies. He is inclined to feel that the struggle for equal suffrage is as strong in this country as in his own. The mistake that he makes is in failing to grasp that the better lot of women in America as compared with that in Europe postpones the realization of full voting privileges indefinitely. Where the women get all the benefits of voting without having to bear the responsibilities and suffer the inconveniences of it they are not likely to be insistent upon a mere formula.

STOCK WATERING.

According to one of the witnesses before the congressional investigating committee, the property of the beet sugar industry is worth only about $12,000,000, though it is capitalized at $8,000,000 more. He blamed the overcapitalization upon the bankers concerned in the floatations. They were little interested in the building of factories, the selling of a product and the development of an industry, but they insisted upon having as much stock to dispose of as the public was likely to absorb.

The case is typical of the stock watering methods prevalent in America. The game has all been for swift fortunes. Losses, it was known, were inevitable, but as it was the other fellow who was to lose the promoters had nothing to worry over. The trusts have been formed less for the economies gained and the stability assured than for the profits of share selling. Yet, in many cases, the industries have so developed that the natural increment has taken up the water. Those who were not forced to sell have, in some cases, done well in the end. But it is an uncertain profit to count upon. It is too long a chance. Under federal regulation, which even the captains of industry now subscribe to, that chance can be eliminated. "Good will' and "future earnings" will be dropped from the calculations of promoters when once the bureau of corporations is empowered with the authority to review all prospectuses of companies about to put issues of stock upon the markets.

THE DISEASE AND THE CURE-ALL.

The most recent rumors about the activities of James J. Hill are to the effect that his road is to absorb a line in Alberta and that a way has been devised for taking over the Burlington railroad without violating the order for the dissolution of the Northern Securities company.

Amalgamated Copper stock prices have been moving upward within the last week. This is interpreted as a sign that the proposed copper trust has been perfected and that ownership in Amalgamated is again considered desirable.

A new bakery trust, taking in twenty-five companies, is announced. It will have but one rival in the business.

A great deal of study has been given to the Sherman anti-trust act. Its provisions have been republished time after time. It has been theorized about until anything from the purchase of a country store to the merger of a couple of fraternal societies has been mentioned as coming under the articles of prohibition. The supreme court of the United States handed down some important decisions not the least friendly to the trusts involved. Senator Pomerene is shouting for jail sentences for malefactors of great wealth.

Nevertheless—as we have set forth—the formation of trusts proceeds. Legislators, jurists, political astrologists and physicians of all sorts and conditions, are respectfully recommended to ask themselves their excuse for living.

DIAZ PROTESTS.

In his illness and unhappiness, Diaz found it impossible to play the philosopher. He could not keep his sense of grievance under control nor withhold his protest. He felt that for what he had given Mexico he was entitled to gratitude. He felt that the long peace he had brought his country was worthy of better reward than his banishment. He felt that the prosperity his firm hand had assured should have some other sequel than threats upon his life and the heaping of shame and ridicule upon his head.

Human history is filled with such stories as that of Diaz—success, honors, adulation, love and then the turn of the shield with scars of failure, dishonor, hate. Others, too, have lamented the loss of friends and respect, cried out against the casting of stones and the pursuit of enemies lusting for blood.

The ex-president has joined a great company. His memory will be associated with that of many men who tasted the sweets of glory and writhed in the acid of infamy. Many, too, spoke their indignation. As the last dark days of Diaz speed away, condemnation, we believe, will lessen and pity mark his closing hour.

JUST AN AVERAGE HUMAN BEING.

According to one set of witnesses at the sugar hearings, the late Henry O. Havemeyer was unscrupulous and greedy. He was a pious hypocrite and a double-dealer. He had no principles worth the mentioning. But another set of witnesses declares that Mr. Havemeyer was a friendly, decent citizen, moved by generous impulses and strictly observant of the rules of right conduct.

The chances are that the witnesses have none of them drawn a true portrait. No man is all bad or all good. His friends never see him as do his enemies. Then, too, in this instance it is a matter of convenience for those running the sugar trust to have a "goat" Mr. Havemeyer is dead. It is well known that he was secretive to a degree. How excellent it is for those witnesses who might be blamed or be held for punishment to put the responsibility upon one who is in his tomb and cannot be hauled before a court of justice! But it would seem they have gone too far. The Havemeyer family thinks enough of public opinion to leap to the defense of the name. They are presenting another picture—that of a kindly hearted man who promoted a trust from philanthropic motives.

The examiners are called upon to find the truth in the confusion of testimony. The right way would seem to be to lump the mass and strike an average. The late Mr. Havemeyer may appear then very much like any other man who has had singular opportunities to be crooked toward the public and helpful toward his friends.

A USEFUL EXPERIMENT.

The bank guaranty law of Oklahoma is, at present, in need of friends and defenders. In the three years of its existence it has proved an excessive drain upon well conducted banks and proved a providential barrier against public anger and prosecution to those which have been careless or unlucky. From a report made by the Oklahoma State Bankers' association the following facts have been condensed:

> Five different assessments on state banks' average daily deposits have been made in the three years, the total paid into the fund being $878,352; 10 banks have failed have been liquidated through other banks, or have been assisted from the guaranty fund; $665,306 has been lost entirely in paying off the depositors of failed banks; $40,000 has been loaned on the capital stock of a small state bank; $119,750 has been placed as "special deposits" in weak and tottering banks in order to bolster them up temporarily; about $40,000 cannot be accounted for at all; and $36,292 is the size of the guaranty fund today. The Columbia Bank & Trust Co.'s failure not long after the law went into effect cost the guaranty fund $606,780—almost 75 per cent of the aggregate assessments up to date; no "special deposits" out of the fund have ever been paid back; 86 banks have failed to pay their sssessments into the fund; 45 state banks that had paid $47,314 in assessments have since been nationalized—so that money is a dead loss to them; and 263 state banks have been organized since the law went into effect.

Yet withal the guaranty law has not been entirely a failure. Besides protecting depositors at the expense of innocent persons—a point in ethics little likely to trouble depositors—it has served as an example which other states may avoid. It was an experiment pure and simple. Some thankfulness is due to the state of Oklahoma that it was willing to try it.

CHANGING SCENES.

Close cultivation is the rule in southern California agricultural districts. In Washington one remarks great, sweeping grain fields, broken with patches of forest, liberal dodging of the rougher spots along water courses, avoidance of fence corners and a tolernt attitude towards clumps of briar.

Under the impetus of the boomers, the land of Washington is soaring in value. In the richer valleys and in the fruit districts the aspect is becoming like that of California. The cultivator cannot afford to let his high-priced acres lie idle. Every square rod counts with him. Every foot of soil must be made to work. As the grain raisers, the early settlers and those others who have not had to figure closely upon returns on original investments perceive this jealous appreciation of values, they are clearing their own fence corners out, narrowing their wood lots and rooting out briars and bushes and weeds.

That transformation noted by the travelers in Washington will, we believe, be experienced in Lucas and Wood counties, Ohio—merely to mention familiar scenes. Here are wood lots everywhere and, in a few spots, the old forest growth. Generous allowances are made for pasture. Sandy or stony stretches are not bothered with very much. Scarce a farm in the district is worked to its full acreage. But prices are rising. The new comers buy smaller farms than did their predecessors. They will be using the soil harder and will create a tendency to more and more intensive cultivation. That impression of close tillage which strikes the visitor in southern California may soon be quite as strikingly apparent in older sections of the country.

FOR THE BABIES.

The hot months constitute the great period of ordeal for infants. It is the season when sickness lurks in every corner. One of the great health authorities of the country has listed the articles most dangerous to babies and laid down a number of rules strictly to be adhered to.

Do not, he says, let infants eat candy, pickles, ice cream cones, canned or raw fruit, canned or raw vegetables. Mother's milk is preferable, but if that be impossible, be sure that the bottle is clean and the milk pure and cool. Where ice is unprocurable, the milk should be brought to the boiling point when it comes to the house and placed to cool beyond danger of contamination. Beware of flies, ants and roaches. Do not dose the child with patent medicines. Keep it out of door, give daily baths and pay close attention to every sign of derangement.

Infant mortality has been lowered because the rule of thumb schemes for raising children have been displaced by scientific rules based upon true knowledge of the dangers menacing every child. Most of the perils appear in this season. The child who passes through it free of any illness owes its life—one may be sure—to care and not to pure luck.

CONSISTENT.

An incident at Caldwell, N. J., proves that the boat rocker is an all around fool. One of these boors threw a rowing party into hysterics. His companion pulled the boat to shore. Then, as the boat rocker stepped out, still laughing over his performance, the companion dealt him a blow which threw him sprawling in the water. That should have closed the affair. But the boat rocker had his companion arrested. For his pains he was awarded with a lecture and had the chagrin to listen to the advice that he himself be prosecuted.

The man who will rock a boat would naturally be guilty of planting obstructions upon a railroad track, feeding poison to babies or stealing the tickets of a bridal couple—forms of humor the newspapers are compelled occasionally to record. That he should appeal for the punishment of those who teach him a summary lesson betrays his innate imbecility. He is a consistent idiot and as such ought to be put under restraint and barred against association with people of average good sense.

CAR FERRIES ABROAD.

England is vastly interested in a project to run car ferries across the English channel. The idea appears to have awakened enthusiasm and misgiving in about equal parts. The engineers who conceived the plan are congratulated by a section of the press and condemned as foolish experimenters by another section.

Long ago the car ferries of the Great Lakes passed beyond the experimental stage. They are now as important parts of the lines conducting them as are the bridges, the connecting switches and terminal stations. Without them, the companies would be thrown into a state of confusion. These ferries, as everyone along the lakes knows, are run in all seasons, in all kinds of weather. Surely there is no peril in the English channel worse than the ice of the Great Lakes. No more terrible storms are encountered. Perhaps the greatest danger lies in collision, heavy fogs being experienced in a channel crowded with traffic. We escape the fogs, but in places have the traffic.

The English are a conservative people in their enterprisees. They seem to be quite as backward in learning the values of the tests which those more venturesome have undertaken.

KEEPING A PRESIDENT INTERESTED.

The republic which elected a poet as its first president quite naturally must count on alarms. It would be absurd to put such a man into office and feed his talents with dry documents of state, cause him to eat his heart out over reports and statistics, to smother his soaring soul with petty politics, jealousies among the ladies of the cabinet, the struggles of industries and classes for privileges and advantages.

The new government of Portugal has progressed along a very stony road. And why shouldn't it? Why should a land where every hill and valley is verdured with historic romance be reduced to the even tenor of herding goats, drying fish, collecting taxes and swindling tourists when traditions, taste and desire prefer the potting of one another's household with lead stolen from the church roof? No doubt the president appeals for peace. No doubt he sends forth manifestos bitterly condemning the belligernts. But deep within the lyrics go lilting. Every speeding messenger brings at once relief from tedium and the inspiration for a poem. The thunder of guns is the roll of deep music. The tearing seam of musketry means a new epic. Happy the executive whose countrymen keep his pulses beating joyously to his favorite meter.

Sunday School

THE MYSTERIOUS BATTLE

International Sunday School Lesson for July 2 Is, "Isaiah's Prophecy Concerning Sennacherib," Isaiah 37:14-38.

By William T. Ellis.

One of the notable books on Napoleon calls him a "phase." So we perceive Sennacherib to have been only an episode. He did not think so; nor did anyone else in the world at the time. To all his contemporaries he was IT. All that Napoleon meant to Europe, and more, Sennacherib meant to the ancient world. Had there been newspapers in his time he would have got more headlines than half a dozen Emperor Williams and Theodore Roosevelts combined. Not one person out of a thousand who studies the lesson in Sunday school today has any adequate conception of the overwhelming importance of the Assyrian power at its height. There is nothing analagous to it today. It dominated the whole known world. Yet one who goes today to the capital of Senpacherib will find only ploughed land. Nineveh is but an excresence on the earth; a mound of dirt in the opening of which the owls make their homes. I have seen Nineveh—only there is nothing to see above ground. For 2,000 years the very site of this world capital was lost from the memory of man. Sennacherib's palace and the glories of his capital were wiped out of the book of human remembrance. My own photographs of Nineveh, taken from the Tigris river, show only a barren shore line, where Arab women from Mosul go to wash clothes. The completeness of the fall of Nineveh and Babylon is beyond the comprehension of all who have not visited the desert wastes where once they flourished in arrogant pride and power.

The Moral of the Jew.

The persisting purposes of Jehovah still live and work and are manifest amid the ruins of these ancient worldly splendors. The lesson of this present study is recorded elsewhere than in Holy Writ: when worldly might enters into combat with the Lord of Hosts, the issue is inevitable. Jehovah uses the weak things to confound the mighty. The sore-eyed and furtive Jews whom one meets shuffling along the narrow streets of Bagdad are a mockery to old Babylon and Nineveh. They have lived and these capitals have died. Nobody can find a single Assyrian or Babylonian in Mesopotamia today; but the captive Jews are still there, and apparently entering upon a new era of prosperity.

Scared and pent-up Hezekiah is really a victor, who helps preserve the name of the mighty Sennacherib. That king left many inscriptions, some of which I have seen, recounting his own glories; I have one of his bricks whereon he proclaims himself king of the universe. But it took the scholars from a Christian nation to uncover and decipher these boastful records, which else would have been lost to the world. If it were not for the scientific research which is a product of Christian civilization, we would have no records of this past era, except such as the Old Testament preserves to us. At Asshur, the old capital of Assyria, I saw a line of old monoliths commemorating the greatness of kings, but the very names of them are now unknown. Is it any wonder that the archaeologists make cynical remarks concerning the vaunting pride of these monarchs?

The utter deadness of these once mighty heathen powers, while the kingdom of God grows daily greater, is a dramtic lesson to be made vivid to all young people who study this story. Mrs. Browning's Pan is Dead dramatically represents the downfall of the heathen dieties.

A Duel of Gods.

It was a duel of gods that was being waged between Assyria and Judah. With true literary instinct the Old Testament writers set forth the power and greatness and pride of Assyria. They wrote in the presence of its actual might. To them it was the incarnation of terror. Worldly force and ruthlessness were represented by it. Also it stood for the embodiment of idolatry. The cause of Assyria was the cause of heathendom. Its conquests had filled many minds with doubts of the power of the true God. So war with Assyria was a war between Jehovah and the idols.

Hezekiah, king of Judah, has made all possible preparations to withstand the enemy. But the arm of flesh was unequal to the defense. So the king took his troubles to the Lord—the best possible thing to do with troubles, big or little. "There is no place where earth's sorrows are more felt than up in heaven." The habit of taking counsel with God steadies the heart and calms the mind, in addition to all the special help it brings. Praying troops have always been good fighters. The man who fears God is not likely to be moved by any lesser fears. Hezekiah was afraid, it is true, but his fear did not budge him. He trusted though he trembled.

The insolent challenge of the Assyrian, "Let not thy God in whom thou trustest deceive thee saying, Jerusalem shall not be given unto the hand of the king of Assyria," was a challenge to combat between Jehovah and the idols of Assyria. It was as truly a test of strength as the contest between Jehovah and Baal on Carmel. So Hezekiah put the whole matter up to the Lord.

Watching the Lord Fight.

Some matters are properly and primarily the Lord's business. There are occasions when the man can step aside, as did Hezekiah and say, "Now, Lord, it is all up to you. It is your affair; your name and glory are at stake. This work is your work; I am in your hands; but yours must be the victory." Such is the case whenever a man incarnates some truth or holy cause in himself. He simply cannot fail because God's honor is involved. This sublime consciousness is what gives the old prophets their power. They merely represented Jehovah. Their faith was simple and absolute, because they realized that the majesty of the Most High was involved. This strain runs through the many wonderful passages concerning the ultimate downfall of these two great oppressors of the Jews, Assyria and Babylon.

> "For right is right, since God is God,
> And Right the day must win,
> To doubt would be disloyalty,
> To falter would be sin."

No open-minded student of history can escape the sense of some Power which has been consistently at work throughout the centuries. One is awed by this realization as he stands amid the ruins of old civilizations far more than when he reads in books of their downfall. Nations have been raised up, used as a flail in a hand which they knew not, and then cast aside, even as was Assyria. There has been a greater kingdom than that of Babylon or Assyria or Persia or Greece or Rome at work in the world; and its ruler must be He whose "kingdom is an everlasting kingdom." To observe the progress of that kingdom is one of the most absorbing and elevating studies possible to the human mind. It is watching God work.

The Minor Interests of the Great

That the clumsy scrawl of a grandchild should be of more interest to a prime minister than a document of state is perfectly understandable. And the great King of Kings has a care for his personal relationships as well as for his royal affairs; he is as interested in individuals as in nations. The personal problem and sorrow of Hezekiah kneeling before him had as close attention as the fate of the Jewish people. The great God is not above the smallest interests of those whom he calls his children. He who marks the sparrow's fall notes the sinking heart of burdened man. Sometimes men make Jehovah out a little God; but there is equal danger that in the sense of his majestic greatness his personality and tender, sympathetic pity will be overlooked. I traced the ways of Jehovah in Mesopotamia; but I also saw them in the fact that the Christian orphan whom I took with me down the Tigris to Bagdad there found his own brother, whom he had mourned as dead.

For the individual Jews, as well as for the nation. God showed His solicitude when He mysteriously smote the Assyrian host that threatened them. Byron's poem tells the story:

> "The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
> And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold.
> Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green
> That host with their banners at sunset were seen.
> Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown
> That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.
> For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
> And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed.
> And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
> The lances uplifted, the trumpet unblown.
> And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
> Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord."

The message of this mysterious battle between Jehovah and the false gods is found in the ancient words of the Chronicler: "Be strong and courageous, be not afraid nor dismayed for the king of Assyria, nor for all the multitude that is with him: for there be more with us than with him. With him is the arm of flesh; but with us is the Lord our God to help us, and to fight our battles."

Varieties

France has 354 licensed airmen.

Ducks are trapped wholesale in France by means of a searchlight.

A pinless hat for women has been invented. It goes around the head with hooks and eyes.

A Missouri boy made $800 growing sweet peas on one-third of an acre.

Ten-car passenger trains are operated occasionally in the New York subway.

Ovens heated by gas blasts are growing in favor for the use of large bread bakeries.

A bridge was built recently on the Arctic railroad in the night, but it was an Arctic night.

The census returns showed that Nevada there was only seven-tenths of a man to the square mile.

The asphalt deposits of Cuba, when developed, are expected to prove superior to all others throughout the world.

There are about 3,000 weddings every 24 hours, taking the entire world into consideration.

The six leading states in the salt industry are Michigan, New York, Ohio, Kansas, Louisiana and California.

Trimmings from new flax and hemp are the stock from which is made the finest grades of "rice" cigarette paper.

The city of Paris owns a machine which can grind out nearly a quarter of a million wooden paving blocks a day.

No married man in Vienna is allowed to go up in a balloon without the formal consent of his wife and children.

An instrument for measuring the nocturnal terrestrial radiation of heat has been invented by a Danish scientist.

A church was recently moved bodily across the New York harbor and placed on a new location on Staten island.

Pacific coast people are working up a taste for the eggs of the sea gull, and it has developed a promising industry.

A year's product of the silkworms made into a single thread would stretch around the world one and a quarter million times.

J. B. Brewer, a Neosho (Kan.) man, had to get off the water wagon in order to get married. He drives the street sprinkler.

It is proposed to pass a law in France providing that private flying machines may be requisitioned by the government in case of war.

A windstorm, possibly of a jealous disposition, visited Braymer, Mo., a few days ago and wrecked the home of two well known auctioneers.

One hour by wireless from Glace Bay, C. B., to Dakar, on the coast of French Western Africa is the astonishing feat accomplished by a recent message.

"The only thing that keep us from having an automobile," says the Lemar (Mo) Democrat, "is the fact that we haven't a blamed thing to mortgage."

Canary wines have been known for centuries, and winemaking has been an important industry, although lately Madeira has outpointed it in the competition.

Alpine glaciers are receding and some of them are disappearing entirely. Some attribute this action to the boring of tunnels and building of mountain railways.

The states of Queensland and New South Wales, Australia, are giving very considerable attention to government irrigation, mainly by means of artesian wells.

It is claimed for a newly invented fiber shredding machine introduced in Mexico that it will do the work of fifty laborers, and do cleaner work than can be done by hand.

Aluminum, which is present almost everywhere, was quoted at $15 a pound in 1880. Because of the development of its recovery, it is now quoted at 23 cents a pound.

The lath of this country was worth $1.86 a thousand in 1899 and $2.69 a thousand in 1909 at the mills; shingles were worth $1.56 a thousand in 1899 and $2.03 a thousand in 1909.

Edna G. Weaver, twenty years old, who took examination for seven different civil service examinations open to women at Kansas City, holds first place in six of them and second place in the other.

Three magnificent cups, to be competed for at Stockholm in 1912, have been sent by the czar of Russia, the emperor of Austria and the king of Sweden to the International Olympic committee.

Further census returns show that there are 1,178,317 females in excess of males in Great Britain. The figures, however, would be greatly reduced if the soldiers and sailors abroad were counted.

A Sacramento Valley Irrigation company has shipped a year-old peach tree bearing over one hundred peaches to Chicago. The tree is six feet high and when packed with dirt weighed one thousand pounds.

In 1910 fiscal year the government ice plant at Manila earned a net profit of $179,829. The earnings were from ice, cold storage, distilled water and the sale of some electric current. The gross earnings were $334,045.

On the suggestion of the city forester the hyacinth has been banished from the Boston public gardens. It is pointed out that hyacinth bulbs poisoned the soil and that the plant often caused an irritating skin disease to those who handled it.

The Monett (Mo) Midgets, heretofore regarded as invincible, went over to Aurora and got trimmed. In a column obituary in the Monett Times a Migit fan explains that "they had to pitch downhill, had to field uphill and the umpire was a bum."

An English manufacturer at Bradford is now weaving a cloth material entirely (warp and weft) of human hair. The fabric is intended for interlinings for men's wear, and possesses the same advantages of being absolutely unbreakable, unshrinkable and uncreasable.

A "come again" note from the Glasgow Missourian: "The editor of the Missourian is wearing a new summer lid, thanks to the generous heart of Colonel Sol Oppenheimer, the hustling push of the Glasgow Mercantile Co., who is at present sojourning in our city."

From 1899 to 1909 the acres of potatoes harvested in Maine increased 64,003, or 89 per cent. From 46,6 acres in 1889 there was an increase to 71,765 in 1899, and again to 1 768 in 1909. The total yield in 1 was 28,552,911 bushels, the aver yield an acre 210 bushels, and average value an acre $75.86.

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For years and years, thousands of sufferers have been following the beaten path to the treatment of Asthma,—and they are still gasping and clutching for breath.

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The ordinary so-called "remedies" are but habitual failures. I have tried them all. I am a physician. Day and night for years I almost felt as if the hand of death was clutching at my throat, and that every breathless struggle would be my last.

I exhausted medical books in a vain search for a cure. At last I discovered my own treatment, used it, and if an angel had come and carried me suddenly aloft I could not have been more surprised at its results.

I ask no asthma sufferer to believe me. I am known only by my works. I want to prove to you that this treatment not only actually cures, but cures permanently. I do not ask a cent. All you have to do is to send me your name and address and I will send you a free trial treatment of my asthma remedy, as quick as the mail can bring it to you.

Send your letter to me, Dr. W. K. Walrath, Box 27, Adams, New York. Friends, I want to rescue you from those blood-curdling, "smothered-alive" spasms forever. Will you let me prove I can do it? Not only asthma but hay fever and bronchitis disappear gloriously by the use of the treatment. Write me today.

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A mild, safe, antiseptic, discutient, resolvent liniment, and a proven remedy for this and similar troubles. W. F. Ludwig, Becket, Mass., before using this says, suffered intensely with painful and inflamed veins, they were swollen, knotted and hard. He writes: "After using one and one-half bottles of ABSORBINE, JR., the veins were reduced, inflammation and pain gone, and have had no recurrence of the trouble during the past two years." Also removes Goitre, Painful Swellings, Hydrocele, Varicocele, Bruises, "Black and Blue" discolorations, etc., in a pleasant manner. Book 7 F free. Price $1.00 4-oz. $2.00 12-oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 127 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

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GOVERNOR CAPTURES CONVICT

Heads Posse Seeking Escaped Man and Gets Him.

Corvallis, Ore., June 24.—Jesse Hall, an escaped convict, was captured by armed pursuers, headed by Governor Oswald West, who felt morally bound to retake the prisoner because of misplaced confidence.

Governor West recently established the custom of taking the parole of penitentiary convicts and garbing them like ordinary workingmen, sending them out to do road work.

The plan worked well until Hall, in prison for highway robbery, broke his parole.

As there had been some criticism of Governor West's scheme, he took personal charge of the pursuit of Hall.

NEWS IN MADRID PAPERS

Journals Tell of Maine Wreck Work Without Comment.

Madrid, June 24.—Today's papers publish the latest reports from Havana regarding the raising of the wreck of the American battleship Maine, but without editorial comment.

ECZEMA

Also called Tetter, Salt Rheum, Pruritus, Milk-Crust, Weeping Skin, etc.)

ECZEMA CAN BE CURED TO STAY, and when I say cured, I mean just what I say—C-U-R-E-D, and not merely patched up for awhile, to return worse than before. Remember I make this broad statement after putting ten years of my time on this one disease and having in the meantime a quarter of a million cases of this dreadful disease. Now, I do not want all you have used, nor how many doctors have told you that you could not be cured—all I ask is just a chance to show you that I know what I am talking about. If you will write me TODAY I will send you a FREE TRIAL of my mild, soothing, guaranteed cure that will convince you more in a day than I or anyone else could in a month's time. If you are disgusted and discouraged, I dare you to give me a chance to prove my claims. By writing me today you will enjoy more real comfort than you had ever thought this world holds for you. Just try it and you will see I am telling you the truth.

Mr. E. E. Camaday, 1449 Park Square, Sedalia, Mo.

References: Third National Bank, Sedalia, Mo. Could you do a better act than to send this notice to some poor sufferer of Eczema?

KING AND QUEEN RIDE IN A GLITTERING TOUR

Royal Procession Gives Masses of London Chance to Get a Glimpse of Royalty Decked in Wondrous Colors.

London, June 23.—More than six million men, women and children are estimated to have witnessed the royal progress through London today.

To the great majority of Londoners and visitors as well the procession was of greater interest than the coronation itself, for comparatively a very few had an opportunity to view yesterday's pageantry.

It was shortly after 11 o'clock this morning when the booming of cannon from the artillery detachment stationed in St. James park, immediately at the rear of Buckingham palace, announced to the hundreds of thousands who had taken their places along the route that the king and queen had entered their carriage and that the royal procession was prepared to move.

The state carriage in which their majesties rode, and which was a veritable dream in artistic gold and blue enameling, was drawn by eight horses, with outriders in uniforms of scarlet and gold.

Life Guards Clear Way.

Two hundred life guards in their magnificent uniforms and mounted upon black charges cleared the way for the procession. Immediately before the carriage galloped a squad of Indian cavalry. Immediately behind marched the colonial detachments.. All branches of the two services were represented in the line.

The route of the procession was from Buckingham palace up Constitution hill and thence by way of Piccadilly, St. James street, Pall Mall, Trafalgar square, The Strand, Fleet street, Ludgate Hill, St. Paul's churchyard, Queen Victoria street and King William street to to London bridge, where the procession passed over into Southwark.

Fifty thousand troops lined the route and at every important street intersection there was stationed a military band, which played the national anthem as the royal carriage passed. Back of the troops were the spectators, a sea of faces, men women and children, enthusiastic almost to wildness. Never before, probably, had a British sovereign received a more cordial greeting at the hands of his or her subjects. The roar started at the moment that the king and queen descended the steps of the palace to their carriage, and it lasted until their return.

The pageant included four full squadrons of cavalry representing all branches of that arm of the service, life guards, dragoons, hussars and lanciers, each accompanied by its own band and a section of horse artillery.

Kitchener With King.

These were followed by all the naval and military aides-de-camp on duty, the war office staff, deputations of foreign officers, the royal suite, the members of the royal family and the foreign princes, and the colonial and Indian escorts, who immediately preceded the state carriage. In the royal equipage, with the king and queen, rode Field Marshal Kitchener and the bearer of the royal standard.

The royal escort brought up the rear. Seats for many thousands had been erected along this long route and the progress of the king and queen was indeed a royal one. Everywhere they received an uproarious welcome from the visitors in the hotels, from the stands of Piccadilly, Trafalgar Square and the Strand, from the business men of London proper, who had brought their wives and children to the city for this day, and again from their majesties' humbler subjects south of the river.

Intricate Decorations.

The decorations of yesterday remained in Piccadilly and those in the other streets traversed were not less spectacular. In the Strand there were rows of masts, each bearing a red lion and underneath a red velvet drapery with a lion rampant in the center. Festoons of various colors ran from mast to mast.

Down Fleet street to Ludgate Circus there were alternately masts surmounted by an angel or figure of Fame with her trumpet, while the pillar masts supported the British lion and the unicorn. The masts were connected by festoons of greenery.

Somewhat similar decorations had been made in the other streets of the city, while across the entrance to London bridge, a triumphal arch had been erected. South of the river every house, no matter how modest, had a piece of bunting flying.

Brighter Than Yesterday.

Except for the absence of the gold coach the cavalcade was more brilliant than that of yesterday, and the stands along the route certainly made a brighter appearance. Those on Constitution Hill, overlooking the palace garden, were filled with uniformed officers from every part of the world who had come to London to honor Britain's king, with their daintily dressed ladies.

On one stand were royal and other representatives of foreign states. In another were military officers attached to the suites of these represntatives and in the front rows of still another stand were naval officers from the international ships at Spithead, including Captain Gove, of the American battleship Delaware, and his officers. These naval visitors were attended by officers of the British navy and the naval attaches of the foremn missions and embassies.

Nurses in Uniform.

St. George's hospital, opposite Constitution Hill, and the residences around Hyde Park corner and Piccadilly were hidden by stands occupied by a bevy of uniformed nurses side by side with men and women who had paid enormous prices for their seats. The windows of Stratton House and seats on the roof were occupied by guests of Special American Ambasador Hammond. These included the Duchess of Argyll, the special ambassador's staff in full uniform, members of the American embasy and many American women.

The early morning was none too pleasant so far as the weather was concerned. The sky was overcast and occasional drizzling showers kept the spectators in doubt whether it would be necessary to raise their umbrellas.

However, there were no heavy showers as in the early hours yesterday and those taking part in the procession drove in open carriages, thus adding much interest to the pageant.

King Makes Address.

As the sovereigns passed through the center of the city millions of lights arranged for illuminations, simultaneously were turned on, and the great crowd about the royal exchange redoubled their cheers. On the other side of London bridge the king was in one of his many home districts, or, rather, his former home, for here as the Duke of Cornwall he was the largest ground landlord.

In their address the southern boroughs referred to the improvements which the king had made in the building of the estate, which is occupied by the poorer classes.

Replying, his majesty paid a tribute to the work done by the borough council to improve the conditions of the people, and promised that the duchy would continue to do its share. All through South London and back again through Westminster, Whitehall and the hall to Buckingham palace crowds filled the stands that lined the route and cheered heartily the appearance of their majesties.

A stirring day closed with an outburst on the part of the troops and the people in the vicinity of Buckingham palace similar to the spontaneous demonstration made when the sovbalcony of the palace upon their return from the coronation ceremony at the Abbey yesterday.

LIGHTS O' LONDON SEEN IN SKY FOR MANY MILES

London, June 23.—The combined blaze of millions of electric globes and gas flares last night threw a reflection on the sky above London that was visible for a long distance. It gave outside watchers a faint idea of the dazzling glare that illuminated the streets where hundreds of thousands of coronation celebrants tramped to and fro winding up the strenuous day.

From Hyde Park corner, the Bank of England, the main thoroughfares, especially the processional routes, blazed with light. Wheel traffic was stopped about 7 and the roadways were given up to the people, who carelessly passed east and west in two steady streams.

Movement Extremely Slow.

The movement early in the evening was extremely slow, especially in the brightest spots, but the people seemed possessed of imperturbable patience and were determined to see verything. Rain fil lightly a good part of the evening, but the crowd was not thinned out until nearly midnight, and it then rapidly melted.

The signal was given from the Crystal palace at 10 o'clock to light up the bonfires in Great Britain from Land's End to John O'Groat's.

Asquith's Son Acts as Official.

Prime Minister Asquith's 9 year old son, Anthony, acted as the official. He started the fires by telephoning from Downing street to the palace, whereupon an enormous magnesium star was sent up.

The massed bands of the guards regiments played "God Save the King" and an enormous assemblage of people joined in singing the anthem.

Immediatelyl the star arose the watchers on beacons in the neighboring heights fired fuel piled high, and soon the flares thereof were seen on other heights. These were ignited, and so on until more than 2,000 fires blazed from Britain's hilltops.

An imense total sum was spent on these fires. Some piles had wide based pyramids with timber covered with creosote rising 40 feet high. They were indicative of the kingdom-wide enthusiasm over the crowning of the king.

IRISH KING IN THE PARADE

Heir to Erin's Conquered Throne Proudly Bears Banner.

London, June 24.—A striking figure in the imposing group of standard bearers in the imposing procession of royalty yesterday, was the O'Connor Don, descendant of the last Ard Ri, or high king of Erin. He bore the standard of Ireland and walked alone in his uniform of red. Without pages, he had neither robe nor coronet.

At home O'Conner Don is a poor squireen from Roscommon, and his brother is a government board inspector.

Conspicuous by his simplicity, the don held high his head and marched on, the lineal heir of a royal dynasty that once ruled the kingdom whose banner he was holding aloft.

HOW KING AND QUEEN WERE CROWNED

London, June 22.—On arriving at Westminster Abbey, the king and queen retired to the annex, where the robes of coronation were put on. The royal pair then proceeded into the throne room of the abbey and proceeded to the chairs of state on the south side of the altar, where they knelt at the footstools. On the king's right stood the lord chancellor, the lord great chamberlain, the lord high constable, the earl marshal and the garter-at-arms, the noblemen bearing the swords of state and on either side his episcopal supporters.

The dean of Westminster wearing a cape of crimson velvet, took his place on the south side of the altar. The Archbishop of Canterbury was on the north, beyond him the Archbishop of York and the Bishop of London with twenty-one other bishops all in convocation robes. Rising, the king replaced the cap of state which he had removed while kneeling.

Use Ancient Rite.

Then the service began. The ancient ceremonial familiar for 1,200 years was performed with the same symbols and the recital but little changed. It was the ancient scene with some new actors.

The Archbishop of Canterbury presented the king. Facing the four sides of the abbey in succession he announced:

"Sirs, I here present unto you King George, the undoubted king of this realm. Wherefore all you who are come this day to do your homage and service, are you willing to do the same?"

As the voice of the archbishop, sounding strangely loud in the impressive silence that had fallen in the august assemblage died away the spell was broken by the blast of the trumpeters and a mighty chorus of "God save the king" fairly shook the great edifice. Cheers followed and, escaping the walls of the abbey, were echoed and re-echoed by the throng outside.

Then followed the various rites. Two bishops sang the litany and the communion was recited.

After a brief sermon the king kissed the Bible and signed the oath, swearing to govern according to the laws of the land an dto maintain the Protestant Reform religion, the recently modified form of this latter declaration being the single departure from the traditional recital.

King Is Anointed.

The king was anointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury; the lord great chamberlain touched his majesty's heels with the spurs; he was girded with the sword of state, invested with the imperial robe and orb and received the ring and sceptre.

Now, reverently, the archbishop placed the crown upon the king's head. Again the trumpets sounded and once more the abbey resounded with cheers and the cry, "God save the king."

Ascending the throne, the king received the homage of the archbishop and the Prince of Wales, the princes of the royal blood and peers, who touched the crown and kissed the monarch's cheek.

The more simple ceremony of crowning the queen consort followed. Her majesty was anointed, the crown placed upon her head, and she received the ring, the scepter and the ivory rod. Then the queen ascended the throne and was seated by the king.

Procession Forms Again.

The oblations at the altar and the sacrament concluded the chief functions of the ceremony. The procession was then re-formed for the return to Buckingham Palace. When the actual crowning of the king was signaled to the public by the pealing bells in the tower of the Abbey, the host in parliament square broke out in a chorus of "God Save the King." The strains were taken up at each succeeding section of stands along the route until perhaps the largest choir ever known to history was simultaneously singing the national anthem.

Leaving the Abbey on the return journey, the order of the processions was reversed, that of the king and queen coming first. The appearance of their majesties with their crowns on was the signal for renewed cheering, the waving of handkerchiefs and the clanging of bells. It was a thrilling show, to which the king and queen smilingly bowed their acknowledgments.

TAFT WOULD HIT FAKE MEDICINES

In Special Message Asks Congress to Strengthen Law to Cover Case.

Washington, June 21.—In a message prepared in New York and transmitted through the White House today to congress, President Taft scathingly arraigned the manufacturers of what he denounced as "dangerous drug frauds," and urged congress to amend at this session the pure food and drug law to strengthen that act in vital points of weakness recently pointed out by decisions of the United States supreme court.

President Taft believes that unless the law is amended forthwith the country will again be flooded by "injurious mostrums" and "cure-alls" which were common before the pure food law first was enacted.

Will Act Promptly.

The message was transmitted both to the senate and house and it was said today that the latter body probably would take the matter up at an early date. Representative Sherley of Kentucky already has introduced a bill bearing on the subject.

The president's message says:

"Your attention is respectfully called to the necessity of passing at this session an amendment to the food and drug act of June 30, 1906, which will supplement existing law and prevent the shipment in interstate and foreign commerce and the manufacture and sale of worthless nostrums labeled with mis-statements of fact as to their physiological action—mis-statements false and misleading even in the knowledge of those who make them.

Doesn't Cover the Case.

"The supreme court has held in a recent decision (United States versus O. A. Johnson, opinion May 29, 1911) that the food and drug act does not cover the knowingly false labeling of nostrums as a curative effect or physiological action and that inquiry under this salutary statute does not by its terms extend in any case to the inefficacy of medicine to work the cures claimed for them on the labels. It follows, that without fear of punishment under the law, unscrupulous persons, knowing the medicines to have no curative or remedial value for the diseases for which they indicate them, may ship in interstate commerce medicines composed of substances possessing and slight physiological action and labeled as cures for diseases which, in the present state of science may be recognized as incurable.

"Cure" for Anything.

"At the time the food and drugs act was passed, there were current in commerce literally thousands of dangerous frauds labeled as cures for every case of epilepsy, sure cures for consumption and all lung diseases, cures for all kinds of liver and malarial troubles, cures for diabetes, cures for tumor and cancer, cures for all forms of heart disease; in fact, cures for all the ills known at the present day.

"The labels of many of these so-called cures indicated their use for diseases of children. They were not only utterly useless in the treatment of the disease, but in many cases were positively injurious. If a tithe of these statements had been true, no one with access to the remedies which bore them need have died from any cause other than accident or old age.

"I fear, if no remedial legislation be granted at this session, that the good which has already been accomplished in regard to these nostrums will be undone and the people of the country will be deprived of a powerful safeguard against dangerous fraud. Of course, as pointed out by the supreme court, any attempt to legislate against mere expressions of opinion would be abortive; nevertheless, if knowingly false mis-statements of fact as to the effect of the ments of fact as tot he effect of the preparations be provided against, the greater part of the evil will be subject to control.

"The statute can bee easily amended to include the evil I have described. I recommend that this be done at once as a matter of emergency."

WORLD NAVIES PARADE

Tons of Titles Review Naval Display on Third Day of Coronation Pomp.

Portsmouth, England, June 24.—This was the day of ships and sailors. The king and queen and the foreign representatives at the coronation left the capital and came here for the great naval review off Spithead. Fine weather put the finishing touches on one of the most magnificentd isplays of the week.

Their majesties, accompanied by the official eqvoys of other countries came from London in a special train. The king wore an admiral's uniform with a riband of the Order of the Garter. The prince of Wales was in a midshipman's uniform. The queen, Princess Mary and nearly all of the royal ladies were dressed in navy blue. With their majesties were all the other members of the imperial family.

Many special trains were run from London carrying Indian princes, peers and peeresses, members of parliament, lords of the admiralty and diplomats. The regular and the excursion trains arriving during the morning added great numbers to the thousands already gathered here from all parts of the world.

Seventeen nations were represented in the vessels moored in Spithead Roadstead in the English channel between the mainland and the Isle of Wight.

Of the number, 10 were battleships of the Dreadnought class from the British navy and one visiting Dreadnought, the German Von Der Tann. First, however, in size and armament was the American battleship Delaware. The British Dreadnoughts were the Colossus, Neptune, Hercules, Collingwood, St. Vincent, Vanguard, Bellerophon, Temeraire, Superb and Dreadnought.

Many Nations Represnted.

With these four British cruisers of the Invincible class, the Indefatigable, the Inflexible, the Indomitable and the Invincible. Other foreign naval powers sent vesels of the pre-Dreadnought type. France was represented by the Danton, Japan by the armored cruiser Kurama, Austria by the Radetzky, Italy by the armored cruiser San Marco, Russia by the armored cruiser Rossia, Spain by the cruiser Reina Regente, Argentina by the cruiser Buenos Ayres, Chile by the cruiser Chacabuco, Sweden by the armored cruiser Fylgia, Turkey by the cruiser Hamidieh, and China by the cruiser Hai Chi, Denmark by the armored cruiser Olfert Fischer, the Netherlands by the armored cruiser Jacob Van Heemskerck and Norway by the armored cruiser Eldsvold. Greece sent the armored cruiser Georgios Averof.

In addition to the official representatives of the 17 visiting nations there were secondary ves ls from Japan, Italy and Chile. Various types of warships added to the British units of Dreadnoughts and Invincibles made the total British contingent 170 ships.

All the vessels in the roadsted, including the foreign warships and excursion steamers with spectators, were moored in lines supplemented by shorter lines of submarine and torpedo boats. The fleet occupied an area of about 18 square miles.

DAVIS' GRANDDAUGHTER WED

Elkins, W. Va., June 24.—It is announced that the marriage of Miss Katherine Brown, granddaughter of ex-Senator Henry Gassaway Davis, to Lieutenant Chester P. Barnett, of the Third field artillery, U. S. A., will be solemnized Thursday, June 29, at "Graceland," the Davis home here.

MRS. MARY MANNERING WADSWORTH UP IN AIR.

Detroit, June 22.—Mrs. Mary Mannering Wadsworth, who recently divorced James K. Hackett and married a Detroit millionaire, flew ten miles with Aviator Frank Coffyn in a Wright aeroplane here yesterday.

During the flight Coffyn raced with and defeated an automobile.

"I just love it," said Mrs. Mannering Wadsworth, as she stepped out of the aeroplane. "There was not a bit of a sensation. It just seemed like sailing through the air on the back of a huge bird."

BOOMING GUNS ANNOUNCE KING

Three Processions From Buckingham Palace to Westminster Abbey.

London, June 22.—There were three processions from Buckingham to Westminster Abbey, one for the royal guests, another for the Prince of Wales and members of the royal family other than the king and queen, and the imperial procession.

The first was made up of 14 dress carriages occupied by the royal guests and the distinguished court officials and officers attached to their staffs.

The carriages were drawn by pairs of the famous bay and black horses from the royal stables, driven by royal coachmen and attended by footmen in scarlet liveries.

Trumpeters and an escort of the royal horse guards preceded the royal guests, few of whom were recognized by the crowds. The spectators, however, were quick to pick out John Hays Hammond, special ambassador from the United States, the envoys from France and Germany and the crown princes.

Each of these was given a round of cheers and there was a spontaneous clapping of hands. A light rain was falling and the carriages were closed, but their occupants could be distinguished through the windows.

The Children.

Immediately following was the second procession with members of the British royal family, including the Prince of Wales and the Princess Mary and their younger brothers. Their appearance was the signal for the heartiest demonstration up to that time. The cheering began as the royal children emerged from Buckingham Palace and, carried along the row upon row of seats, was echoed by the crowds behind. Four other carriages were occupied by others of the royal family and their suites.

Hardly had these passed when there were signs in the palace yard of the assembling of the great procession of the day, that which was to escort the king and queen to the abbey and back to the palace.

Gnus Announce Start.

There was a brilliant scene in the quadrangle, but this was reserved for friends of the royal family, officials and their families and court servants, who had seats at the windows and on the roofs of the palace itself. Exactly at 10:30 o'clock booming guns announced that the king and queen were leaving the palace, and by a happy coincident, which, however, has become almost traditional in British royal functions, the sun suddenly broke through the clouds and the rain ceased. The staff officer appeared under the archway, the guard of honor, big six-footers from the guard regiments, bluejackets and troops came to attention with a clang of swords and musketry, while the bands struck up the national anthem.

Following the staff officer was the advance guard, a sovereign's escort of the First Life Guards, in their familiar steel breastplates and helmets with plumes and white breeches, on their black chargers. The king's barge master and 12 watermen, in quaint costume, reminded the sightseers that there was a time when the king traveled by water when he "went to Westminster to be crowned."

Aides-de-camp to the king, naval and military, officers of the headquarter staff, followed in their modern uniform and then came another quaint, touch when the yeomen of the guard, "beefeaters," as they are nicknamed, walked solemnly by carrying long staves.

Equerries to the king, escorts of colonial and Indian cavalry, the colonials in khaki and the Indians in bright colors, passed in rapid succession.

As the first division of the sovereign's escort of the royal horse guards trotted slowly through the gates the booming of cannon announced that the royal coach with the king and queen approached.

In Purple Robe.

The long awaited moment when their majesties were to look into the faces of their subjects and their subjects upon their king and queen had arrived. There was a momentary hush broken first by the trumpeters and the crash of brass, and then as with one voice the multitude acclaimed the souvereigns with a roar of cheers that proceded and followed them from the gates of the palace yard to the very doors of Westminster Abbey.

Smiling and bowing, their majesties acknowledged the greetings.

The king wore a long purple robe and velvet cap trimmed with ermine.

The queen made a beautiful picture in her robe of cloth of gold.

Through the Mall to the Admiralty arch, Charing Cross, White Hall, Parliament Street and Broad Sanctuary the procession moved. The arrival of the souvereigns at the abbey was proclaimed by the ringing bells of the abbey and St. Margaret's church, the firing of a gun and another outburst of cheering from the throng on the official stands in parliament square.

TO DIG INTO ELECTION

Senate Wants to Know of Roosevelt Campaign.

Washington, June 23.—A movement to lay bare any political scandals connected with the elections of 1904 and 1908 was started in the Senate yesterday afternon. It is especially desired to ascertain all possible facts associated with the contest of seven years ago when Theodore Roosevelt was elected and his campaign was managed by George Bruce Cortelyou, as chairman of the Republican national committee.

It was declared, at that time, that Mr. Cortelyou, as secretary of the department of commerce and labor, became familiar with all the secrets of trusts and corporations. Later, as chairman of the national committee, it was alleged he fried the fat out of each and everyone to the utmost farthing.

The campaign was followed by the great insurance scandals in New York, the fact that Edward H. Harriman had contributed a fortune and other features of sensational dimensions.

The purpose of Mr. Culberson in seeking the investigation is to further the passage of a federal corrupt practices act.

MAIL ORDER MARKET

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line). Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than twenty-one lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES.

FREE—"Investing for Profit" Magazine. Send me your name, and I will mail you this magazine absolutely free. Before you invest a dollar anywhere, get this magazine—it is worth $10 a copy to any man who intends to invest $5.00 or more per month. Tell you how $1,000 can grow to $22,000. How to judge different classes of investments, the real power of our money. This magazine six months free, if you write today. H. L. Barber, Publisher, R-407, 28 Jackson Boulevard, Chicago.

MALE HELP WANTED.

LEARN TO WRITE advertisements, you can positively earn $25 to $100 per week. Prospectus sent free. Page-Davis Co., 13 Page bldg., Chicago.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—One Man or Woman in every locality to start a "candy kitchen." Best paying small business on earth. Few dollars start you. Write for particulars. Humboldt Publishing Co., Dept. E, 4743 State st., Chicago, Ill.

TOBACCO HABIT.

TOBACCO HABIT CURED or No Cost—Harmless home treatment of roots and herbs. Sure, pleasant, permanent. Send your name now. Ni-Ko Works, 14, Wichita, Kansas.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

HOMES IN TEXAS PANHANDLE. We own 100 farms of 177 acres each, Bailey and Cochran counties. Land level, ready for cultivation. Chocolate loam soil. Inexhaustible supply pure soft water. Climate perfect. Altitude, 2,700 feet. $15 per acre. Terms per acre, $2 cash, $1.50 one year, $1.50 two years. Balance, $10, on or before 37 years, 5 per cent. interest. Discount clubs 5 or more. Agents wanted. References, First National, Ft. Worth; Atlantic National, Jacksonville. Write, Brown & Epes, 512 Bisbee building, Jacksonville, Florida.

FARM LANDS—Lands that will grow cotton, corn, tobacco, peanuts, wheat, oats, vegetables, etc., situate in healthy section, near market, and at prices from $10 to $50 per acre. Apply to L. F. Tillery & Son, Rocky Mount, N. C.

PERSONAL.

MARRY—Many wealthy, both sex, will marry, wonderful results. Particulars Free. Reliable Club, 56, Box 26, Oakland, Cal.

LADIES—When delayed or irregular use Triumph Pills, always dependable. "Relief" and particulars free. Write National Medical Institute, Milwaukee, Wis.

MISCELLANEOUS.

SPORTING GOODS, Books, Cards, Dice, Etc. Catalog Free. D. S. Smythe Co., Newark, Mo.

WANTED—More advertisers to know that TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE is a big business getter. Use its columns every issue and get big results. Advertising rates reasonable, circulation guaranteed. Address, Weekly Blade, Toledo, O.

A five-line advertisement, same size and style as the above, will cost only $3.00 for one insertion in the

Mail Order Market Column of

The Toledo Weekly Blade

You can place your proposition in a Quarter Million Homes, from Maine to California, and before over a Million Readers every week.

A new business can be started or you can buy, sell or trade by using the Mail Order Market of The Toledo Weekly Blade.

FILL OUT THE COUPON BELOW.

MAIL ORDER MARKET.

Figure 7 words to a line, each line costing 60c. Send cash with order. Address your letter to Toledo Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

Gentlemen—I enclose copy of an advertisement to measure..... lines, which I desire you to insert in the MAIL ORDER MARKET. I am sending remittance of $..... to cover the cost of same.

Name .....

Street .....

City and State.....

GOLF ON OCEAN LINER! IT'S ONE OF "OLYMPIC'S" SPORTS

New York, June 23.—Ever play golf on the deck of an ocean steamer?

That's what passengers on the White Star liner Olympic can do. The Olympic, the premier of al the world's ships in size, is now in port.

The golf links is not the only unusual equipment on this ship.

Interesting Comparisons.

The gigantic size of the vessel is best appreciated when it is recalled that in length it overtops by 182½ feet the height of the Metropolitan Tower in New York—the highest office building in the world, and 132½ feet beyond the height of the new Woolworth building now under construction. It is four times as long as the height of the famous Bunker Hill monument and 327 feet longer than the height of the Washington monument.

Mal de Mer Conquered

Bilge or fin-keels prevent the ship from rolling, and its machinery is the unique combination of reciprocating engines (operating the two "wing" propellers) and a low-pressure turbine (operating the center propellor)—an arrangement which has been tested and found satisfactory. This combination eliminates all vibration, with its accompanying discomforts, and therefore it is assured that the "Olympic" will possess that most important of all, absolute steadiness at sea.

A rapid survey of the eleven steel decks of the "Olympic" reveals the most careful and comprehensive preparations in every department. Three elevators in the first class and one in the second class provide a comfortable means of access between decks, which on ships so vast as this, saves the passenger much effort.

Outdoor Games—and Golf!

On the topmost deck—cheerfully named the "sun" deck—one finds a commodious, open promenade with a large area for deck-sports. All the enticing outdoor games that seem exclusively identified with the pleasant hours aboard ship are played here, and the ardent devotee of the putter and the niblick can keep in "top trim" by assiduous attention to the fascinating pastime, "deck-golf," with its 18-hole course. Here also is located the roomy gymnasium with its complete equipment, which will attract many passengers seeking mild and healthful diversion.

Turkish Baths and Swimming Pool.

Among many other special attractions for passengers in the first class are the Turkish and electric bath establishment, completely equipped with a hot room, temperate room, cooling room, shampoo rooms and massage rooms, but more notable the adjoining large salt water swimming pool, of even greater dimensions than that on the company's steamer "Adriatic," which was the first ship to be equipped with these innovations. The dimensions of the "Olympic" also made it possible to introduce for the pleasure of passengers a full-sized tennis and handball court, thirty feet long, extending through two decks, where these healthful exercises may be indulged in.

LIFE SAVER SEEKS DEATH

Rescuer of 275, Lieutenant of Morgan, Shoots Himself.

Seattle, June 24.—Capt. David H. Jarvis, 49, formerly of the revenue cutter service, who won fame and a gold medal from congress for a heroic rescue of 275 Arctic whalers and who was for many years the active head of the Morgan-Guggenheim enterprises in Alaska, shot and killed himself yesterday in a room in the Seattle Athletic club.

On an envelope found on a desk at which he had been reading he had written in a trembling hand: "Tired and worn out." He had been reading a book of Kipling's short stories and he had laid down the open book at a point about half way through the City of Dreadful Night.

INDICT BOXBOARD "TRUST"

New Action by Government Under Sherman Law.

New York, June 26.—An indictment formulated under the criminal provision of the Sherman law, drawn by United States District Attorney Henry A. Wise, was returned today by the federal grand jury against the Eastern Box Board club, alleged to be the successor of the "Dissolved" Fibre and Manila association.

In the indictment—the first of a new series of governmental trust prosecutions—the presidents, officers and agents of paper board manufacturing corporations and co-partnerships, included in the membership of the Eastern Box Board club, are charged with being an alleged combination in restraint of trade, limiting output and arbitrarily fixing prices.

SUGAR NEEDS TARIFF

So Declares Pres. Morey of Great Western Sugar Beet Company.

Washington, June 26.—Confidential details of the way the American Sugar Refining Co. and the Havemeyer interests acquired control of the stock of the Great Western Sugar Beet Co. in 1905, and a declaration that Henry O. Havemeyer, late head of the so-called sugar trust, did more for Colorado than any other investor in that state, were given today before the house sugar investigating committee, by President Chester Morey, of the Great Western concern.

Mr. Morey said Havemeyer originally was opposed to the amalgamation of either the Utah-Idaho or Colorado groups of beet sugar plants, but finally consented, saying to Mr. Morey: "Go ahead, you fellows seem to have this pretty well in hand."

Mr. Morey said the present tariff was vital to the interest of every beet sugar plant. He told how he met Mr. Havemeyer in New York with written authority to sell his company's stock at a certain price, with an undisclosed alternative figure. The late Senator Wolcott of Colorado introduced him to Mr. Havemeyer. Mr. Morey told Mr. Havemeyer the price.

The Old Girls.

Belle—"Goodness, Nell—What ails you?"

Nelle—"I have a frightful toothache."

Belle—"Honestly? Have you a tooth left that grows there?"

The Peace Page.

CONDUCTED BY ELIZABETH AYRES

THE BLADE BOOK

By BLADE WRITERS

ENTERED in THE BLADE BOOK, this day of grace, Thursday, June 22, 1911, is the ninth chapter of said Blade Book, contributer by the friend of ours who signs his boyhood's nickname, PIGGIE, which, you want to remember, is pronounced like pigeon, only the end of it is different.

Piggie writes of front porches and of happy, peaceful home life, which is the best life there is, and because it is the time of the year when every one sits on a front porch, if he has a front porch to go to—if he has none, it may be he sits out on the sidewalk, as a good many do here in Toledo, where he watches the autos and the motorcycles go ripping and snorting by, and the electric lights dim the moon—and, as I said before, because it is the time of year for front porch sitting, Piggie's screed is timely and will give you pleasant reading, if Mary Cassidy ever gets ready to stop talking and let Piggie have the platform.

"Sure, 'tis not me that'll be knockin' the likes o' Piggie offen his perch. Leave him have his say."—Mary Cassidy.

Here is THE FRONT PORCH.

The other night, while sitting on the front porch—all of us—the question arose as to what makes a porch nice. As we were contemplating fixing ours and enlarging it some, to meet the requirements of the ever-growing crowd of young folks that assembled there evenings and Sundays, with our limited means to be considered, the subject became very interesting. After it had been taken up, one by one, and, at times, by all together, each one trying to impress his or her ideas the strongest, about the way we should fix it, or could fix it, the talk died down and cooled off some and I was left to my own reflections.

I got to think over the way I would like to fix the porch to suit my own fancy, and, at the same time suit the rest. It was an air-castle I was building. They are always nice, you know, and we all like nice things, so here are my thoughts as they chased through my mind. If Elizabeth finds anything in them worthy of the PEACE PAGE let her use it, when and where she sees fit, and, as the front porch is being used to a great extent at this time of the year by almost everyone, she might name it The Front Porch, in The Blade Book, or wherever she chooses to put it. I know the Cozy Cornerites will see it anywhere on the page, for we all read every item of the PEACE PAGE, so here are two pictures of two beautiful front porches, both real, though one may be said to be imaginary, for it is in my mind, a mirage, because it has passed away; that is, those who made it real and nice have passesd away.

A few years ago, one of our neighbors who had been successful in life and had acquired quite a little fortune, concluded to build him a house, costing $50,000. Of course, the front porch in this case, was one of the main features. The builder showed me through the house before it was quite finished, and, as we came out on the porch, after having visited every room, while discussing the merits and mistakes in the building, for the builder admitted that he had made some mistakes in some rooms, he said, "but, my porch is perfect. It is just as I want it. It just suits my fancy, and, with my large and growing family, it will be all my fancy desires."

As I beheld the richly carved columns and the fine architectural designs, I thought to myself, "it is certainly fine. No wonder he is proud of it."

Alas, the builder is dead. The family is scattered all over the universe, and the other day, as I passed by, there was a lonesome-looking hired man sitting on that big porch. You may imagine how near he came to filling the space. The richly-carved columns and finish are all there yet, but it was the homeliest porch that I ever saw.

Again, I will take up our old, home porch; the columns of 2 by 4; the floor worn so, that Ray-Tom says, "a fellow has to be careful where he jumps on it, or it will break through."

When there is a whole porchful of young folks, acrobatically arranged on the posts and corners, floors and ceiling; tumbling and dancing, singing and laughing, I have to be ever cautioning, for fear they will break their legs off in running them through.

The only reply I get is, "fix it stronger, Dad, if you don't want to pay doctor bills for us. It's cheaper to buy lumber than pay doctor bills, anyway."

Sometimes I think they want to break it down so we will have to fix it better, in fact, Mer-Nah told me we had just got to fix that porch a little nicer. It was a shame for people to go along the road and see that old, patched-up porch, looming up at them; that everyone who went by looked that way, and she knew it was this awful, old porch.

I told her I had noticed it, too, and that the young fellows tipping their hats at our front porch as they rode by, seemed to notice it more than anyone else, but I had ever failed to see a look of ridicule on their faces, though the porch did seem to draw their notice, and I guessed I would have to fix it some way, so they would pass by without noticing it, namely, by removing the cause, but I don't know about that.

We were all sitting on the porch the other night, I with my feet braced upon one of the posts, in an easy chair, after the evening discussion of the day's events by the whole family, which is our custom. Every one had seemed to say their say out and there was nothing more to be said at all. The two-year-old baby boy had prattled himself to sleep in his mother's lap, she rocking gently to and fro. Mer-Nah was sitting on the edge of the porch with her chin resting in both hands. Ray-Tom had quit smoking and was toying his pipe between his fingers. The only sound that broke the stillness was Oda, who is never still, and always sits on one leg of a chair, no matter if it has three other good ones.

Three playful kittens were rolling on the floor. The heat-lightning flashed across the sky. The lightning bugs were glimmering their lamps of fire, and the moon came up over the hill in front of our house, just as it has done thousands of years before our house was there. It flooded the landscape with its mellow light, and I knew the same light was centred on a distant city, where was the absent one; the one who has made the only breech in the home-circle. It was then Ray-Tom spoke and told the whole story of our thoughts: "I s'pose Ba" (pronounced Bay) "is looking at that same old moon, perhaps at this very moment."

No one answered, but I thought to myself, if he were here tonight to fill the vacancy in our hearts and minds, the old porch would be good enough, just as it is.—Piggie, Pennsylvania.

There you have a picture of the exact thing we, of the PEACE PAGE are trying to make: PEACEFUL, HAPPY HOMES. These shall lay the foundation, and these only, for that which may yet come to pass—UNIVERSAL PEACE.

May your home light so shine, that its radiance shall point the way to the homes to be founded by your children.

Here's hoping.—Elizabeth.

None can do anything that amounts to much until he has learned the meaning of self-sacrifice through long practice.

SOME POINTERS

By Elizabeth.

Jane Jones said to me: "Did you ever take notice that the biggest potatoes is quite frequent black at the heart? I ain't goin' to let out another word."

Well, now, when all is said and done, after you recovered from that last fit of blues, did it do you, or anyone else, any good to have it? Make that last fit the last one.

Some one, I forgot who, has said that a woman has no natural weapons. What is the matter with her thimble, hairpins, knitting needles, scissors and the fiery, untamed hatpin? When she gets busy with these, doings are likely to be done. No weapons! Who said rats?

Idleness is the root of many evils. The idleness which preys upon the money-making power of another and forces it to dishonesty, is the criminal in the case.

If there comes a time in your work when it seems as if you had struck a snag, it does not mean your boat has gone ashore. Rest on your oars for awhile, then you may strike out with a longer and stronger pull, and come into port a winner.

It frequently happens that those you, in your vanity, consider your inferiors, can teach you more than you know yourself. There is none who cannot teach us something.

Rub elbows with the least of the world's people, if you would quicken your brain and soften your heart.

"Learn to live, live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn."

Well, here's hoping.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

WESTERN WASHINGTON

Dear Readers of The Blade—I will give you a short talk on the northwest part of Washington. We have what most people call a mild climate, with but little snow in the valleys. But once in seven years has the thermometer reached zero. Grass grows about 10 months out of the 12, but we have rain enough to make up for the shortage of snow. The principal occupations along the valleys are fruit-growing and dairying. There is a great demand for the milk, which is taken to the condensers and canned. Small fruits can be grown at a big profit, as we never miss having a large crop, and cherries—well, I will not say how many on a tree, for fear you will think it belongs to the sportman's fish story. When it comes to apples, we take off our hats and let eastern Washington produce the goods in wheat and apples.

I will not tell any fish stories, but will send Elizabeth a few postals, taken here and if she will drive over, I will insure her a good mess of trout, or silver salmon. I am on the Sky Konish river where fish are plentiful. On the bench lands, there are immense forests of fir and cedar, and logging camps are furnishing the world with lumber. Trains pass every day with loads of logs, going to the Sound for shipment to foreign

A true picture of Western Washington from A Ferry-Girl.

lands. We are having fine weather and all small grains and garden vegetables were put in, in March.—A Buckeye, Monroe, Washington, April, 1911.

HE LIKES BASEBALL

Dear M. G. R.'s—Please stop your merry-go-round and let an east Tennessee boy on. I work on a farm, but do not like it very well. I would rather be a cowboy. I like to read stories about cowboy life. I would like to hear from Wyoming Cowgirl.

This is a very nice country up here on the mountains. I am awful pretty. I weigh 160 pounds and am 17 years old. I guess I will stop now, and get off and let some one else get on. I wonder how many of the M. G. R.'s like baseball. I do.—A Lover of Baseball, Tennessee.

A SMART OLD LADY

Dear Elizabeth and Friends of the M. G. R.—I have been a reader of The Blade for a year, as the gentleman we live with is a subscriber. He took The Blade from an old lady, 82 years old. She secured about a dozen subscribers for the paper in our little town, last year. Can any of you boast of a smarter old lady?

I live in northern New York, near Lake Ontario and Watertown. As I have seen no letters from this way, I thought you would be glad to hear how we prosper. Crops look fine, considering the drouth from which we suffered in May. Our summers are cooler than in central or southern New York, and so are our winters. We have lots of snow in winter, and a plenty of thunder in summer. We are only 15 or 20 minutes, drive by auto to the lake. Our nearest summer resort is Lake View.

I enjoy reading The Blade and if I go where they do not take it, I shall be a subscriber. When I was a child, I remember my uncle reading funny stories for me out of The Blade and that was—Oh, ever so long ago.

If this does not get laid aside, I will write you about a lilac hedge which surrounds an old estate here. With best wishes to all.—Perry, a Pierrepont Girl, New York.

Be sure to write to us about the lilac hedge. That sounds good to me. —Elizabeth.

FROM A WEB FOOT

Dear Friends—I've been thinking for some time of coming, but the trail from Oregon to Ohio "are a long way sure." Sunshiny days are here, the spring rush is over and we can kind o' take a breathing spell. Now, how many of you have ever been over the trail to where "roils the Oregon?"

The state is full of beauty. You can hardly realize its fullness until you have thoroughly canvassed its vastness. Its timber, mines and fisheries are wealth producers too well known to question. We have also the big red apple. 'Most all kinds of fruit, however, do well here. In fact, you have only to plant what you really like and, with a reasonable amount of work, a good harvest is assured.

We have all kinds of game. Some are more "game" than some people like to "mix up" with at short range. As to fish—say! if some of you M. G. R.'s could only have the chance to mix up with a 50-pound chinook on a 90-foot trolling line, well, I bet you would remember it as long as you lived (especially if you were lucky enough to land your fish). Trout are in every little or big stream, and you would have lots of sport, I know, with them; they are surely the fish to bite.

If you were to spend a year here you would be unable to go back to "the states." Why? Well, if your feet got "webbed" you would have to stay, hence "webfoot."

Well, I think it's "weary ye 'r'." I may drop in again some of these days, if only to say "Howdy."—Web Foot.

POETS' CORNER

THE LAST HYMN

By Marrianne Farningham.

The Sabbath day was ending in a village by the sea,
The uttered benediction touched the people tenderly,
And they rose to face the sunset in the glowing, lighted west,
And then hastened to their dwellings for Gold's blessed boon of rest.

But they looked across the waters, and a storm was raging there;
A fierce spirit moved above them—the wild spirit of the air—
And it lashed and shook and tore them, till they thundered, groaned and boomed,
And, alas! for any vessel in their yawning gulfs entombed.

Very anxious were the people on that rocky coast of Wales,
Lest the dawns of coming morrows should be telling awful tales,
When the sea had spent its passion, and should cast upon the shore,
Bits of wreck and swollen victims, as it had done heretofore.

With the rough winds blowing round her, a brave woman strained her eyes,
And she saw along the billows a large vessel fall and rise,
Oh! it did not need a prophet to tell what the end must be,
For no ship could rise in safety near that shore on such a sea.

Then the pitying people hurried from their homes and thronged the beach,
Oh! for power to cross the water and the perishing to reach!
Helpless hands were rung for sorrow, tender hearts grew cold with dread,
And the ship, urged by the tempest, to the fatal rock shore sped.

"She has parted in the middle! Oh, the half of her goes down!
God have mercy! Is heaven far to seek for those who drown?"
Lo! when next the white, shocked faces looked with terror on the sea,
Only one last clinging figure on the spar was seen to be.

Nearer the trembling watchers came the wreck, tossed by the wave,
And the man still clung and floated, though no power on earth could save.
"Could we send him a short message? Here's a trumpet, shout away!"
'Twas the preacher's hand that took it, and he wondered what to say.

Any memory of his sermon? Firstly? Secondly? Ah, no!
There was but one thing to utter in the awful hour of woe;
So he shouted through the trumpet, "Look to Jesus! Can you hear?"
And "Aye, aye, sir!" rang the answer o'er the waters loud and clear.

Then they listened, he is singing, "Jesus, lover of my soul!"
And the winds brought back the echo, "While the nearer waters roll;"
Strange indeed it was to hear him, "Till the storm of life was past."
Singing bravely from the waters, "Oh, receive my soul at last!"

He could have no other refuge! "Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah leave me not!" The singer, dropped at last into the sea,
And the watchers looking homeward, through their eyes with tears made dim,
Said, "He passed to be with Jesus in the singing of that hymn."

PUT ON YOUR OLD GRAY BONNET

(By Stanley Murphy.)

On the old farmhouse veranda,
There sat Silas and Miranda,
Thinking of the days gone by;
Said he, "Dearie, don't be weary,
You were always bright and cheery,
But a tear, dear, dims your eye."
Said she, "They're tears of gladness, Silas,
There're not tears of sadness,
It is fifty years today since we were wed."
Then the old man's dim eyes brightened,
And his stern old heart it lightened,
As he turned to her and said:

CHORUS.

"Put on your old grey bonnet,
With the blue ribbon on it,
While I hitch old Dobbin to the shay,
And through the fields of clover,
We'll drive up to Dover,
On our golden wedding day."

It was in the same old bonnet,
With the same blue ribbon on it,
In the old shay, by his side,
That he drove her up to Dover,
Through the same old fields of clover,
To become his happy bride.
The birds were sweetly singing,
And the same old bells were ringing,
As they passed the quaint old church where they were wed,
And that night when stars were gleaming,
The old couple lay a-dreaming,
Dreaming of the words he said.

FUNNY LITTLE BUNNY

By Christina G. Rossetti.

When the cows come home the milk is coming,
Honey's made while the bees are humming;
Duck and drake on the rushy lake,
And the deer live safe in the breezy brake;
And timid, funny, brisk little bunny
Winks his nose and sits all sunny.

THE BROOK

By Alfred Tennyson.

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling.

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silver water-break
Above the golden gravel.

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever.

THE LITTLE PEACH

By Eugene Field.

A little peach in the orchard grew—
A little peach of emerald hue;
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew,
It grew.

One day, in passing that orchard through,
That little peach dawned on the view
Of Johnny Jones and his sister Sue—
Them two.

Up at that peach a club they threw—
Down from the stem on which it grew
Fell that peach of emerald hue.
Mon Dieu!

John took a bite and Sue a chew,
And then trouble began to brew—
Trouble the doctor couldn't subdue,
Too true!

Under the turf where the daisies grew
They planted John and his sister Sue,
And their little souls to the angels flew—
Boo hoo!

What of that peach of the emerald hue,
Warmed by the sun and wet by the dew?
Ah, well, its mission on earth is through.
Adieu!

ANNIE LAURIE

By Lady John Scott.

Maxwelton's braes are bonnie
Where early fa's the dew,
And 'twas there that Annie Laurie
Gave me her promise true,
Gave me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot will be,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the snaw-drift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on,
That e'er the sun shone on,
And dark blue is her e'e,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like dew on th' gowan lying
Is the fa' o' her fairy feet,
And like winds in summer sighing,
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she's a' the world to me,
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

The poem entitled The Orthod-ox-Team is requested. It begins: Hold on there, stranger! turn out close to the wall.

Out in Missouri, there is a man who wants these: Makin' an Editor outen Him and In Mt. Vernon's Garden. First line to the last mentioned is: Slumber eternal in thy tomb immortal.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO

Here we meet for
Health, happiness and
Good cheer.

NO BOSSING

This is my third letter to your pleasant corner, but, as the other two found the waste basket, I shall try again. I hope you all enjoy the Peace Page as well as I do. There are so many good thoughts and recipes.

I have been married nearly two years. Today is my husband's birthday. He is 24 years old. I am three months older, but I do not try to be the boss at all, neither does he boss. I hear some one say, "who does boss?" Well, we do not have any bossing to do. We just work together. Now is not that the best way to boss? I have seen some men and women that could not live without being the boss, so this is why I am contented. I do the best I know how and he does the same. We are both church members. We do not have preaching but once a month, but we have Sunday school every Sunday. My husband always takes pleasure in sitting by me every Sunday as our school is small, so young and old have the same class. We have a dear old lady for our teacher. She is about 82 years old.

We live on a farm of 102 acres. We have a good spring, but not as much level land as we would like. We have a piano and I take lessons twice a week. My husband plays the piano, guitar and violin. I play the guitar with his other music.

Where has Mary Cassidy gone? If she only knew how much I enjoy her, she would not miss a visit.

I will tell you how many brothers and sisters I have: Four brothers and one sister older than myself, all married, and one sister and three brothers younger, who are single. I have a dear mother and father. They worked and made their children work. I thought they made us work too hard, but we are no better than dear mother and father. Now, I am glad I know how to work, and I do not dislike it. I am thankful for living parents and brothers and sisters.

I must stop writing, bring a bucket of fresh water for night and feed the little chicks. Will some one please tell me how to make a jelly roll without the crust cracking. I want to be able to make a nice one next birthday. With love to all.—Your New Visitor, East Tennessee.

Mary Cassidy will be along again one of these days. You see, we have so much for this page that Mary must take her turn like the rest of you.—Elizabeth.

HER HOUSECLEANING

Friends of the Cozy Corner—I have been thinking of writing and telling you about my housecleaning this spring, but neglected to do so until Kitye Kern of Indiana came out with her good advice. It came too late for me, but here is hoping it will be of good to others.

I have been cleaning house part of the time for two weeks and have not finished yet. John and the children have had all they could eat three times a day. Baby has had his bath and been rocked to sleep, and I have had my afternoon nap every day. I hear some one say, "I couldn't do that way." Oh, yes you could, and you have no idea the rest and pleasure you can have during housecleaning time if you only would. My little Edward sings: "We will have a clean house some sweet day bye and bye." As this is my first say to the Cozy Corner, I will close. Love to Elizabeth and all others.—A Mother of Four, West Virginia.

THE BIG FIRE

Dear Blade Readers—I thought I would tell you that I lived in Michigan at the time of the big fire in 1881. I was just a little child, about five years old, and I have lived here even since, except one season when I lived in Canada. I believe that Michigan is the best state in the Union. Now that means a great deal, but it has improved wonderfully since the fire and all people that move away, are most always seen moving back.

As soon as I was old enough to be afraid, I remember that I was frightened every summer for fear of fire, until I was sixteen years old. I lived at that time in Sanilac county; at present I am living in Midland county.

I will not make my letter very long this time, but I want to say that I heard the Salvation Army song, "Your Mother Still Prays for You, Jack," sung on the streets in Sarnia, just seventeen years ago. I have often wished I had the song, and now I have it, thanks to The Blade.

I like The Blade very much and wish I had signed for it two years ago, when I had a chance. Lovingly —Mrs. E. M. Hagle, Michigan.

SHE HAS SIX BOYS

Dear Friends—I have been wanting to write for a long while, but I lacked time and courage until now, when, in the midst of housecleaning, I'll take the time. I never have seen a letter from Six Lakes. Maybe it would be of interest to some of you to know that this little town gets its name from six lakes which are joined togeher by channels, so a boat can go from one to the other. It is about four miles from the first lake to the sixth. There are two gasoline launches on the lakes and some very pretty landing places The town has a picnic ground on the bank of the first lake. My husband helped to plant the trees there. We have lived here on a farm for 13 years.

I am the mother of six boys. The baby is 17 months old, and I am sure he is the nicest baby in Michigan. Mothers, are you patient and loving with those little ones of yours? How many times I see a mother jerk a little fellow for getting his wee hands on something, while another will get a slap on the head for some trifle. Mothers, just think of it, and they are your own! Don't let the work push the baby away. Take time to love your child. It is in need of all you can give. You may be sure, my baby and I have good times together.

Let me give you a tried and true recipe for a lemon pie, the best I ever ate: Grate the rind of one lemon and use the juice. One cup of sugar, one tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, four eggs. Mix, pour into pans lined with crust and bake. When done, spread the top with the white of one egg and a half cup of sugar, and brown. I, too, enjoy The Blade.—N. L. S., of Six Lakes, Michigan.

GOOD TO EAT

Here is a recipe for oatmeal cookies, which, according to the friend who sends them, are splendid:

Oat Meal.

Two cups rolled oats; two of wheat flour; one half level teaspoonful of salt; one level teaspoonful soda, dissolved in enough thick sour cream to moisten. Rub into the flour and oatmeal enough butter to make as rich as pie crust. Moisten with the cream; turn out on a floured board; roll, cut and bake without browning.—Mrs. L. M. C., Washington.

Strawberry Pie.

Make a rich paste and bake this on pie tins, inverted as for lemon pie. Prick with a fork to prevent raising from the tin. Have ready one quart of ripe berries. Crush and sweeten to taste. Fill shell with berries, cover top with the white of one egg, beaten to a stiff froth. Return to oven till slightly browned. This is excellent, made of any kind of berries.—A Missouri Girl in Oregon.

Corn Bread.

One cup of milk or water; one egg; two tablespoonfuls of sugar; one teaspoon of salt; two tablespoonfuls of melted butter; one cup of flour; one cup of corn meal; and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder.

Mock Angel Cake.

One cup of flour; one of sugar; three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, sifted four times. Add a pinch of salt. Put one cup of milk in a double boiler; heat to boiling; pour over the flour, sugar and baking powder, stir until smooth. The last thing, put in the whites of three eggs, beaten to a stiff froth.—A Subscriber, Sioux Falls, S. Dakota.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS

Today, THE NIFTIES AND THE INDIAN make their bow to you. Here is hoping you will like them. There is one thing sure, you cannot turn over to the back of the book to see the end of the story, because there is no end of the book where you can reach it. You will know the worst at the end of 12 weeks. The Nifties are told in 12 chapters.

For all postcards and posies, kind words, poems sent in answer to requests, and for all the nice things you people are doing for the PEACE PAGE, Elizabeth says "thank you."

One of our friends would like to know how to make a rose jar. We printed directions for this, a year or more ago, but the directions, sent by Grey Wing, I think, were lost in the fire.

A lady friend of ours wants to know how to can pumpkin. Another one wants to know how to can fruit by cooking it in the cans. Pretty soon I am going to call this the "Want to Know" column. If there is anything you want to know, ask us, there's always some one, in some part of the country who can give the answer.

Please, some one, send a recipe for dill pickles, the real, good German kind.

The reason there is not more of this, is because there is no more room for it, so "for fear of the waste basket, I will ring off."

That is what you say to me hundreds of times a week, so here is where you get it said back to you. Nobody is mad and no harm is done. I'll be with you again, next week.—Elizabeth.

TAKE NOTICE

Be sure to write Peace Page on the envelope of all letters intended for this department of the Weekly Blade. Be sure, also, to be a Blade booster and pass your own good words along in the name of peace and in the cause of your country.

INFORMATION

Rugs and Upholstery.

I want to tell you just a thing or two that I have tried, to make housecleaning easier. In cleaning our heavy Brussels rug and all our other rugs, we hung them on the wire clothes line, then turned the hose on them, instead of "beating" our lives out. When one side was thoroughly washed, we turned the wrong side out, then the right side out again, after which, it was dried on the line.

Every one of my carpets and rugs looks like new. Sisters, get your husbands to help you put your carpets or rugs on the line, then you can do the rest. For plush or velvet upholstery, use a whisk broom and bran, soaked with gasoline. Go over them with this, and you will be surprised at the result. Your face will brighten as well as the upholstery.

The friend who sent us this forgot to sign her name, but she lives in Plains, Montana.

To Bleach Faded Linen.

A recipe for bleaching colored linen that has faded was asked for. I have a good one, which I will pass on. It has never failed for me. Wet linen in cold water. Make a suds by dissolving half a cake of Colgate's Octagon soap and one teaspoonful of concentrated lye, in two gallons of rain water. Let this come to a boil. Drop linen in and boil 20 minutes. Take out and rinse immediately. Make enough suds to cover goods well.—Mrs. C. E. Pyron, Roanoke, Virginia.

The Nifties and the Indian

By ELIZABETH AYRES

CHAPTER I.

They Plan.

THREE of The Nifties were in the vacant lot they frequented for ball games, sitting on the ground, with their backs against the high billboard with which the lot was partly surrounded. The Nifties were four in number, when they were all together. John, Brooks and Larry were the names of the three in the lot, though John was called Jack; Brooks was Brooksie, and Larry, because of his red hair and freckles, seldom heard himself mentioned by any name other than Freckles. The last names of The Nifties are not important to this story, so there is no need of telling what they were.

The boys were all 14 years of age, "going on 15," and, as they were good comrades, they had formed themselves into a club, and named themselves the Nifties.

The school year was ended. They had before them the long, idle days of summer, with nothing to do but to have a good time. It was this good time they were planning in the lot behind the billboard.

"Well, anyway, the kid has gota go," said Freckles. He was always the leader in the Nifties' enterprises, and was very decided in his opinions.

"You bet he has," Jack and Brooksie echoed, "the Kid has gota go."

The Kid was the absent member of the Nifties. He was thus called because he was small of his age, and not very strong. In spite of this, the boys were unanimous in saying "the Kid is all right," so you may be sure that he was.

"It 'ill do him good," Freckles declared.

"Sure it will," agreed the others.

"Gee! who is going to ask his mother?" exclaimed Brooksie, sitting up very straight and looking anxiously at the other two boys.

There was silence for a moment, and then, as usual, Freckles had something to offer.

"Let's go in a bunch," he proposed, "and I'll say to the Kid's mother, like it wasn't anything at all, 'Us fellows is going camping for two weeks and can't the Kid go with us?'"

"You dassent call him the Kid to her face," put in Jack and Brooksie.

"Wat do you take me for?" demanded Freckles, feeling indignant. "Anyway, maybe I won't ask her. Maybe one of you fellows will do it," he suggested, with a fine air of scorn.

"Not for mine," they refused, unanimously.

"Well, come on; let's go," proposed Freckles, starting immediately, without further urging, knowing that he had but to speak and the others would follow.

As it happened, they made their request at the right time. The Kid had been seriously ill in the early spring, and he was long in recovering. His strength did not return to him as it should, and the very morning the boys visited his mother to make their request, the doctor had said to her, "Get him outdoors and keep him there. Let him play Indian all summer. It's the only thing that'll build him up. Turn him loose with the boys. Let him get out and rough it."

She had been thinking of what she should do, and wondering how she could bear it to have her boy out of her sight; still she wanted to obey the doctor's instructions. When the Nifties appeared she was sitting on her front porch and, as she liked the boys who had been so good to her son through his illness, she let them know she was glad to see them.

The Kid was there with her. "Hello, fellows," he said in greeting. "What's doing?"

"Hello, Kid," they returned. "How are you?"

Without waiting to hear how he was, Freckles began to tell the Kid's mother their errand.

"Us fellows is going camping up the river," he began. "The place is on father's lot, and there's woods and a barn, but we're going to live in a tent, 'cause it's more fun. The Kid can sleep in the barn if you want him to, but he'll have more fun with us in the tent. Us fellows have got it fixed up all right with our fathers and mothers and can the Kid—William, I mean—" said Freckles, hastening to correct his slip—"can the Kid—William—go? Us fellows think it would do him a lot of good and we wouldn't let nothing happen to hurt him. Can't he go?"

Freckles spoke imploringly.

"Would you like to, Sonny?" the Kid's mother asked.

The eager look of his eyes was sufficient answer, but she could not give her consent quite as promptly as the Nifties hoped for.

"I shall have to talk it over with his father," she explained.

Brooksie and Jack nudged each other delightedly.

"It's a cinch," they whispered. "I'll let he can go."

Declining the chairs the Kid's mother offered, they sat in a row on the edge of the porch railing, talking over their plan and of what they should need to carry. The Kid entered into the talk with as much interest as though he were sure of being one of the camping party. Probably he knew from the way his mother acted that he almost had her consent, especially as she did not speak a word of discouragement.

"Gee!" suddenly exclaimed Freckles, "us fellows had better get busy. There's a lot to do to get ready. See you later, Kid," he said in friendly parting.

He started away, with Brooksie and Jack following at his heels. They took off their hats politely to the Kid's mother, and were very decorous in behavior until they reached the street corner, where they could not hold in any longer. There they stopped and gave the Nifties' "yell:"

"Who are we? Who are we?
We are the Nifties, don't you see?
One, two, three, four—Rah!"

They ended the yell with a regular warwhoop, and Freckles capped it with, "Hey, Kid, be ready to start day after tomorrow."

The Kid stood up and waved his hand to the boys. Then he turned and looked entreatingly at his mother.

(To Be Continued Next Week.)

ONE OF OUR GIRLS

DEAR COUSINS—I have been thinking I would write to you for a long time, but I never really did until today. This is a nice cool day in June and everything is looking nice. I live in a small town by the name of McGuffey. One Sunday we had a Children's Day entertainment at our church and I enjoyed myself hugely. I had lots of fun.

I think all of the letters are very interesting. I know I cannot write one half so nice, but I will do my best. Uncle George, Tennessee, your letter was just beautiful and I wish I could accept your invitation to come down and make you a visit, wouldn't I enjoy seeing all your old relics! My, I guess I would!

Well, I guess I would better describe myself a little. I am a girl, 14 years old. I am tall for my age and have blue eyes and light hair. We have taken The Blade for two years, I think. I always go to the Peace Page first, for I do love to read the letters.

Oh, maybe I would better tell you something about the country where we live. It is called the Scioto marsh and everywhere the ground is black. Thousands of acres of onions are raised here every summer. That is the chief crop. We have ten acres out this year. Out here, the girls work in the field, just like the boys, all the summer. I expect you think we get awfully tanned, but we do not, because the girls almost always wear great, big, straw hats that cover their faces all up, and gloves on their hands, so you see we do not get as black as some that run around bareheaded all the time.

We have to crawl on our knees a good bit, because that is the way they weed onions.

Land! this letter is getting very long, and I shall surely have to stop, or it may be I shall not see it in the paper at all. I am going to sign my full name and address and I want some of you girls to write to me. Please. Well, bye-by, for this time.—Alvaretta Baldwin, McGuffey, Ohio.

FREE
ADVICE
TO WOMEN

Women suffering from any form of illness are invited to promptly communicate with Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass. All letters are received, opened, read and answered by women. A woman can freely talk of her private illness to a woman; thus has been established this confidence between Mrs. Pinkham and the women of America which has never been broken. Never has she published a testimonial or used a letter without the written consent of the writer, and never has the Company allowed these confidential letters to get out of their possession, as the hundreds of thousands of them in their files will attest.

Out of the vast volume of experience which Mrs. Pinkham has to draw from, it is more than possible that she has gained the very knowledge needed in your case. She asks nothing in return except your good will, and her advice has helped thousands. Surely any woman, rich or poor, should be glad to take advantage of this generous offer of assistance. Address Mrs. Pinkham, care of Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Co., Lynn, Mass.

Every woman ought to have Lydia E. Pinkham's 80-page Text Book. It is not a book for general distribution, as it is too expensive. It is free and only obtainable by mail. Write for it today.

d News for Asthma Sufferers.

are glad to announce that Himalya has a sure cure for Asthma. We have the ny of ministers of the gospel, doctors, men and farmers, all speaking of the ous curative power of this new discovery. ya can be purchased from all druggists—in stock, it can be had through their r wholesaler. To prove beyond doubt its ful curative power, The Himalya Co., ward st., Detroit, Mich., will send a bottle free by mail to every reader of Blade suffering from any form of Asthma. is very fair and we advise all sufferers to e a case. It costs you nothing and you surely try it.

ASTHMA

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LADIES *WHY SUFFER?*

Orange Lily cured me of painful periods, Leucorrhea, Ulceration and other Irregularities after d been given up to die. To any suffering lady I will send a 50 cent package of this wonderful remedy FREE, t at once to

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MARRIED Matrimonial paper with advertisements of marriageable le from all sections, rich, poor, old, Protestants, Catholics, etc., mailed d Free. D. G. GUNNELS, Toledo, Ohio.

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APE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. FREE BOOKLET. BYRON PIELD & CO. 120 So. STATE ST., CHICAGO, ILL.

OLD ROOSEVELT ABOUT LORIMER

ohlsaat Says He Wrote Bribe Story to Root and La Follette Also.

Washington, June 24.—That Col. eodore Roosevelt has known since ly last fall the entire story of how ard Hines is alleged to have ask- Clarence S. Funk, general manaof the International Harvester Co., a $10,000 contribution to a $100,- fund "used to put Lorimer across Springfield," was testified to today ore the senate Lorimer committee Hermann H. Kohlsaat, publisher the Chicago Record-Herald Mr. Kohlsaat said he told the story Col. Roosevelt just before the Hamn club dinner at Chicago, which osevelt refused to attend until rimer's application had been withwn. It was upon this informa- n, Mr. Kohlsaat said, that the forr president based his action in deing to sit at the same table with Illinois senator.

Wrote to Root.

Mr. Kohlsaat further testified that had written an account of the conrsation between himself and Funk, t without mentioning Funk's name, Senators La Follette and Root. his was done at the request of Wal- L. Fisher, now secretary of the inior, and others.

"Senator Root wrote me in reply," d the witness, "and thanked me for e information. He said that it had atly influenced him in making his ech against Lorimer on the floor of e senate.

La Follette Wanted Him.

"What!" exclaimed Senator Gamble. "Do you mean to say that senators re influenced in arriving at their cision by matters not in evidence?"

"I did not discuss that question with nator Root," replied Mr. Kohlsaat.

The witness said that Senator La llette tried very hard to get him to me to Washington to tell about the versation, even threatening to send ergeant-at-arms of the senate after m.

TIS SLAMS ROOSEVELT

alls Him Second Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, and Other Things.

Los Angeles, June 23.—General rrison Gray Otis, editor of the mes, yesterday took another editor- rap at Theodore Roosevelt. He s in part:

"The Times has witnessed with feigned regret the rapid descent Colonel Roosevelt from the popu- pedestal on which he was at one me a national idol. He has become second Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. Dr. Jekyll, he declares for a devotion to justice and order and a uare deal.

"Then he draws inspiration and kes counsel from Gompers, and bemes a malignant Mr. Hyde, an ologist for dynamiters, a shielder assassins and a shifty, shifting, wling dervisher politician, insane th ambition to again grasp that pter of power which his own erticism, insincerity and inconsisncy have caused to be forever rested from his hand.

"Even his vaunted hostility to 'big siness' and anxiety to curb and erthrow the trusts, turns out to be fraud. The recent testimony taken ring the investigation of the steel st shows that, while he was clamng for the enforcement of the herman law, he was giving oblique, t not direct personal permission, the steel magnates to violate that w by purchasing the Tennessee al & Iron company for the avowed rpose of saving from bankruptcy a m of New York stock jobbers.

"After a short season of 'sobering he has returned with renewed al to wallow in the gutter of anchy. He has shown himself incable of moral and patriotic steadstness."

DELAY PURE FOOD LAW ACTION

Washington, June 21.—No prosecutions against manufacturers who e saccharin in food will be undertken for six months from July 1 xt, it was announced today after conference between Secretaries acVeagh, Wilson and Nagel.

CORN STATES ARE IN NEED OF SOAK

Reports From Middle West and Southwest Show Crops Only Fair.

St. Louis, June 27—Special dispatches received by the Globe-Democrat from crop experts of 13 states show that the rains of the past few days have helped growing crops in the middle west, west and southwest, but that heavy rains must come within the next two weeks to save the corn in many localities.

Potatoes are generally a failure, according to these reports. Pastures are in a bad way. Oats and hay are fair to good. The south's outlook for cotton is splendid.

The reports are summerized as follows:

Illinois.

H. A. McKeene, secretary of the state farmers' institute says: "Despite heavy rains throughout the state yesterday, the Illinois harvest as a whole will be the poorest in many years. Corn in northern and central Illinois is in average condition, and a fairly good yield is predicted. The oats crop througout Illinois will be very light. Wheat, although well headed, is light in most of the state. Apples will be one-fourth of a crop; peaches, one-half; potatoes, none; tomatoes, few."

Indiana.

Wheat, a little short of normal; corn, acreage heavier than for several years and crop will exceed that of last season; oats, half crop; hay, considerably under normal; tomatoes, great shortage; potatoes, normal.

Missouri.

Soaking rain within the next 10 days is necessary to make an average corn crop; oats crop cut to half; potatoes practically a failure; pastures burned up in central and southern Missouri; corn free from weeds everywhere and will make a bumper crop if a heavy rain falls within 10 days. This report comes from Sam Jordan, the state board of agriculture's corn expert.

Kansas.

Corn is generally in excellent condition and can go without rain two weeks more and make a fairly good crop. The whole state is extremely dry. Hot winds are blowing and drawing out the moisture still remaining in the ground. Wheat will be about a half crop. Pastures in most of the eastern section are burned dry; alfalfa in same condition on uplands, doubtful if rain will revive it. Potatoes will be almost a complete failure without heavy rains.

Iowa.

Heavy rains throughout the state yesterday helped corn, which the sun was wilting in some sections, but better progress than for years. Wheat and rye yields good; hay crop light; oats yield good, but straw short. Grasshoppers numerous in some localities.

Kentucky.

Corn is looking well, not having been affected by the drouth, as have other crops, and good yield is anticipated if the weather is favorable after July 1; wheat crop 91 per cent. Tobacco not a full crop; about 60 per cent of crop planted. Locals rains have enabled farmers in some sections to get their tobacco out, but dry weather and a scarcity of plants have generally made it a bad year for tobacco. The corn acreage is being increased in consequence. Potatoes almost a complete failure. Garden truck cut considerably. Peace and apple crops good.

Alabama.

A bumper cotton crop is predicted. Corn crop larger than last year; wheat and oats larger than ever before.

Mississippi.

Cotton crop prospects never better at this time of year. Boll weevils now extend across the southern tier of counties into Alabama and north about 100 miles, Old corn, badly damaged by drouth, will produce a half crop of nubbins. Young corn looks fine and probably will produce a good crop.

Arkansas.

Saturday's rain saved the Arkansas cotton crop from great damage, especially in the hills where decay had begun. The cotton yield for the state will be about the same as last year. The rain saved the corn, which would have been ruined by a few more dry days, but the yield will not be what farmers expected. Rice growers are rejoicing over the rain.

Texas.

Cotton throughout Texas, except in the gulf coast country, where heavy rains fell Thursday, needs moisture badly. Every section has increased its cotton acreage. Corn is beyond help from rain in almost all sections. Wheat and oats almost complete failures in central and north Texas. Rain would help milo maize in west Texas.

Oklahoma.

Corn prospects poorest in years; authorities predict not more than half a normal crop. Many farmers will put in 90-day corn if rain falls soon. Wheat and crops less than one-third; alfalfa yield smallest in history. Cotton will soon need rain; the crop will be a record breaker if reasonable rains come from now on; cotton crop generally estimated at 1,000,000 bales; fruit crops fair.

Tennessee.

Cotton prospects were never better, well distributed showers last week having worked a great change. Rains came too late to benefit materially some of the early planted corn. Tobacco planting was retarded by drouth, but is progressing nicely now; no injury by insects.

TEN TWINS IN EIGHT YEARS

Gulfport, Miss., Woman Presents Her Husband With Fifth Pair.

Gulfport, Miss., June 22.—A Mississippi woman claims the world's record for twins, having given birth to five pairs, a total of 10 children, within a period of eight years. The woman, who thus displays her unalterable opposition to race suicide, is Mrs. J. D. Pigario, of Gulfport.

GOLD GOES TO ITS FINDERS

Excavators Win Suit Against Man Who Hired Them.

Cheyenne, Wyo., June 24.—Reuben Stockwell and S. W. White last night won a suit against William Taylor to recover $4,000 in gold, which they found buried in Taylor's cellar. The two men were employed by Taylor to deepen and enlarge the excavation under his house. In doing the work they dug up a pot containing the money. Taylor claimed it, and they gave it to him. Later Stockwell and White decided to sue for the return of the gold.

EASY ON SEN. LORIMER

Man Whom Boss Defeated Doesn't Hurt Him Before Investigators.

Washington, June 23.—Although former Senator Albert J. Hopkins, on the day Senator Lorimer was elected to the senate, heard many rumors of the use of money in accomplishing that result, he said today he was unable to "put his finger" on any corruption.

r. Hopkins testified before the senate committee investigating the Lorimer election.

Pressed to tell the committee whether he had any reason to believe that any of the Republicans who deserted him for Senator Lorimer, had done so because of improper influences, the witness declined to answer.

"I don't think I ought to say," declared the former senator. "It is only my belief."

Neither could he name any person who could aid the committee, he declared. He added that he had tried to forget his defeat to a seat to which he declared he was entitled, saying that he was sure the public had no time for a man with a grievance.

His examination was not concluded when the committee took a recess for luncheon.

CHICAGO TO GET 1912 G.O.P. MEET

National Convention City Already Decided Upon by Party Leaders.

Washington, June 22.—It already is settled that Chicago is to be the Republican national convention city in 1912. The meeting of the Republican national committee to designate formally the place of holding the national convention of the party and to frame the call will not be held until December, but those in control of the committee machinery have taken time by the forelock and have mapped out the program that is to be ratified at the regular quadrennial gathering five months hence.

President Taft, by virtue of his position as titular party leader and the presumptive choice of the Republicans as nominee to succeed himself, practically dominates the national committee; and has placed his seal of approval upon Chicago as the place where campaign preliminaries shall be formulated. In fact, President Taft has taken the initiative with respect to the convention city and that really settles the matter.

St. Louis to Fight.

The result is that now the question is as good as solved. There is slim possibility of any spirited contest between rival cities over their respective coliseums, auditoriums and amphitheatres. St. Louis, however, will have the support of a few members of the committee. As for determining on Chicago no special sentimental reason—due to the fact that Taft was nominated there in 1908—operates.

Along with the selection of the convention city attention is being given to the chairmanship of the national committee. Until recently Charles D. Hilles, secretary to the President, had been slated for this position, but of late mutual friends of the President and Mr. Hilles have been urging the advisability of the latter's remaining where he is throughout the coming campaign. Mr. Hilles has developed his value as the man at the executive elbow within the few months he has served in his present capacity.

During the campaign next year it will be almost as important to have a man of the proper capacity at the President's right hand, wherever he may be, as to have one of the same sort in the headquarters of the national committee. It is obvious that the same man cannot officiate in both places and in consequence party men who formerly were grooming Mr. Hilles for the chairmanship now want him kept just where he is. They have been endeavoring to convince President Taft of the expediency of such action.

Vorys to Manage Campaign.

It would not be surprising under the circumstances if Arthur I. Vorys, of Ohio, is selected to manage the national campaign, superseding National Chairman Frank Hitchcock. It is practically settled that Mr. Hitchcock shall stick close to his duties as postmaster general, where he has made an enviable record in wiping out the deficit of the department and putting the postal service on a self-sustaining basis. In fact, there is no thought of having Mr. Hitchcock the manager of the second Taft campaign for the presidency.

Mr. Vorys was the manager of the Taft campaign for the presidential nomination last time in its preliminary stages and gained fame by his conduct of affairs in Ohio against the old Foraker machine. He undoubtedly expected to head the national committee after the nomination was made and if it had been up to Mr. Taft alone to do the selecting he probably would have done so.

President Roosevelt, however, was most prominent in advance of Taft's nomination in shaping affairs affecting the succession, and he originally was responsible for getting Hitchcock, whom he had known more intimately, to the front. When Hitchcock left his position as first assistant postmaster general to conduct the Taft ante-convention campaign in the east and south, it was with the understanding that he would be national chairman later.

Now Mr. Vorys is likely to have his turn at the bigger end of the game. He is most in the mind of the administration leaders for the position in question at this time.

WOMAN BETRAYS NAVY THIEF

Youth Who Stole $46,000 From Battleship Caught After Gay Time.

Buffalo, N. Y., June 22.—Edward Valentine Lee, who stole $46,000 from the paymaster's safe on the battleship Georgia at Havana on Feb. 11, was arrested here yesterday afternoon by a local detective and two agents of the department of justice.

Lee is 25 years old. He had $24,000 with him in a traveling bag when arrested. He has been trailed ever since he disappeared and has enjoyed himself in many cities of this country and on a trip to Europe.

A week ago he appeared at Toronto, where his lavish entertainment excited wonder and jealousy among women on whom he conferred favors. One of them tipped off the Buffalo police.

PUTS KNIFE TO TARIFF ON WOOL

House Passes Underwood's Revision Bill Without Much Change.

Washington, June 21.—The house of representatives by a vote of 221 to 100, yesterday passed the Underwood wool tariff revision bill, providing for a reduction of the duty on wool and manufactures of wool.

Twenty-four Republicans voted with the Democrats for the passage o fthe measure, and ne Democrat, Representative Francis, of Ohio, voted against it.

Many amendments were offered and voted down, the only one adopted bein ga slight change in the phraseology. Almost five hours were spent by the house in debate under the five-minute rule.

Immediately preceding the final vote a motion offered by Representative Payne, of New York, that the bill be resubmitted to the ways and means committee with instructions that it await a report from the tariff board on the woolen industry before making final report of the bill was lost by a vote of 189 to 118.

Stick With Party.

Representative Underwood, chairman of the ways and means committee, and in charge of the bill, kept his forces well together in their opposition to all amendments. While some Democrats proposed amendments, with one exception they voted with the party when the bill came to passage.

Representative Murdock, one of the insurgent Republicans who finally voted for the bill, proposed several amendments placing certain grades of wool on the free list. His purpose in these amendments, he said, was to give the American people protection from the worsted trust by making free "those articles which enter into the manufacture of trust controlled woolen products."

The Republicans who voted for the bill were Representatives Anthony, Campbell, Davis of Minnesota; French, Haugen, Helgesen, Jackson, LaFollette, Lenroot, Lindbergh, Madison, Miller, Morse, Murdock, Nelson, Norris, Rees, Sloan, Steenerson, Stephens, of California; Volstead, Wood, of Iowa, and Young, of Kansas.

Taft's Message Read.

After the bill had passed a message was read from President Taft in response to a request which had been made for certain information from the tariff board in regard to the woolen question. The message stated that the desired information could not be furnished at this time.

Ohio Republicans voted against the bill and all Democrats save one, Francis, of Martins Ferry, voted for it. The Ohioans who voted for the bill were Representatives Allen, Ansberry, Anderson, Ashbrook, Bathric, Bulkley, Claypool, Cox, Denver, Goeke, Post, Sharp, Whitacre and White. Representatives Howland, Switzer, Lonbkorth and Taylor, Republicans, voted against the bill and Representative Francis, Democrat, voted with them. Representative Sherwood, of Toledo, was not present.

POWDER TRUST IS TOLD TO DISSOLVE

Huge Concern Is Held Illegal by United States District Court Decision.

Washington, June 22.—The United States circuit court for the district of Delaware yesterday handed down a decision declaring that the alleged powder trust, which is dominated by the E. I. Dupont De Nemours Co., is a combination in restraint of interstate commerce in powder and other explosives, in violation of section 1 of the Sherman anti-trust law; that it attempted to monopolize and has monopolized a part in violation of section 2 of the same law, and decreeing the combination shall be enjoined from continuing this violation and shall be dissolved.

The action against the powder trust was begun by the government in 1907, and was directed against 43 corporate and individual defendants. The suit, as to 15 of the defendants, was dismissed because some of the concerns are out of existence, or it was not shown that they were parties to the combination.

To Plan for Dissolution.

In an interlocutory decree, the court fixed Oct. 16 as the date to hear both sides as to the nature of the injunction to be granted, and combination, "to the end that this court may ascertain and determine upon a plan or method for such dissolution which will not deprive the defendants of the opportunity to recreate out of the elements now composing said combination a new condition, which shall be honestly in harmony with and not repugnant to the law."

The Defendants.

The 28 defendants declared to be in the illegal combination are the Hazard Powder Co., Laflin & Rand Powder Co., International Smokeless Powder & Chemical Co., Eastern Dynamite Co., Fairmont Powder Co., Delaware Securities Co., Delaware Investment Co., California Investment Co., E. I. Du Pont De Nemours & Co. of Pennsylvania, DuPont International Powder Co., E. I. DuPont De Nemours Powder Co., E. I. DuPont De Nemours & Co., Thomas Coleman DuPont, Pierre S. DuPont, Alexis I. DuPont, Alfred I. DuPont, Eugene DuPont, Eugene E. DuPont, Henry F. DuPont, Irene Du Pont, Francis I. DuPont, Victor Du Pont, Jr., Jonathan A. Haskell, Arthur J. Moxham, Hamilton M. Barksdale, Edmond G. Buckner and Frank L. Connable.

All the individuals named except Buckner, are directors of the DuPont Co., of which Thomas Coleman DuPont is president.

VICTORY FOR WILSON IDEA

Commission Form of Government for Trenton, N. J., Adopted.

Trenton, N. J., June 21.—Commission government swept Trenton yesterday by a majority of 1,902, in a total vote of 11,682. The vote cast at today's special election was about 66 per cent of the total cast at last fall's general election. It is regarded as a victory for Gov. Wilson.

WHAT IS BEST FOR BABY'S TENDER SKIN

Because of its delicate, sanative, emollient properties, united with the purest of cleansing ingredients and most refreshing of flower odors, Cuticura soap is the mother's favorite for preserving and promoting skin and hair health of infants and children. In the treatment of distressing, disfiguring eruptions, from infancy to age, no other method is so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as warm baths with Cuticura soap and gentle applications of Cuticura ointment. No other costs so little and does so much.

HARRIMAN MERGER WINS

Circuit Court Holds Combination of U. P. and S. P. Legal.

St. Louis, Mo., June 24.—The United States circuit court of the eighth district today handed down an opinion that the purchase of the Southern Pacific "did not amount to a direct and substantial restraint of either interstate or international commerce."

The recent decision of the United States supreme court in the Standard Oil case was cited among others by Judge Elmer B. Adams, who wrote the majority opinion. Supreme court justice Willis Vandevanter, while a circuit judge of the eighth district participated in the hearing, deliberation and conclusion in the case, and concurred in their opinion.

One Judge Dissents

Judge William Hook filed a dissenting opinion. The case began in 1908.

The majority decision was written by Judge Elmer B. Adams and was mailed to the clerk of the court here. According to the opinion the only question was this: "Was the Union Pacific company, extending only from Omaha and Kansas City on the east to Ogden on the west, a competing line prior to 1901 for transcontinental business with the Southern Pacific Co., whose line extended from New York on the east over the sea to New Orleans and thence by rail to San Francisco and Portland on the west?

Supreme Court Next.

"While the Union Pacific was entirely dependent upon the Southern Pacific for its connection westward, the Southern Pacific was not at all dependent upon the Union Pacific for its connection eastward," read the majority opinion.

"Our conclusion," continued the opinion, "is that all the facts of this case considered in their natural, reasonable and practical aspect and given their appropriate relative signification do not make the Union Pacific a substantial competitor for transcontinental business with the Southern Pacific in or prior to the year 1901.

The suit was tried in the circuit court under the expedition act of congress. An appeal will be made directly to the United States Supreme court.

HARRIMAN STOCK GOES UP ON N. Y. MARKET

By the Associated Press.

New York, June 24.—The stock market today made quick response to the announcement of the United States circuit court's decision in the Marriman merger suit. Naturally the Harriman interests were the most affected, and they showed gains of almost four points each. Other stocks were up from one to three points Trading was on a heavy scale.

Officials of the Harriman railroad were greatly interested in the decision. "We don't know anything about it yet," said Alexander Millar, secretary of the Harriman companies.

Then he was told that there was no question that the court had decided in favor of the railroads, and against the government, and he was greatly pleased. Judge Robert S. Lovett, president of the Harriman companies, is in Europe. None of the lawyers of the companies would discuss the decision until they heard more about it.

SAYS PACT WILL PASS

Reciprocity Will Win, Notwithstanding Senate Republicans.

Washington, June 23.—Chairman Penrose, of the senate committee on finance said today that the Canadian reciprocity bill will not fail by reason of the new coalition between insurgent Republicans and Democrats, which placed the regular Republicans in the minority. Speaking of that coalition, he said:

"It is a rope of sand and it will not hold. The performance of the insurgents and Democrats on Wednesday was effective for the time, but the differences between the two elements are so radical that the combination will not continue, and if the purpose of it was to defeat Canadian reciprocity, it will fail.

Delay Is Expected.

"With the tariff question dumped into the senate in connection with reciprocity, delay is to be expected, but in the end reciprocity will go through, and it then will remain to be seen what shall be done with the tariff bills now before the senate and those yet to be presented."

The senate agreed today to vote next Monday on the Root amendment to the wood pulp and paper schedule of the Canadian reciprocity bill.

The outlook in the senate is for a long and somewhat dreary period of debate with no visible prospect of relief. Under present conditions, with no party in control and no leadership recognized, no one can say in advance what is going to happen or when anything may transpire out of the ordinary.

Without Control.

The regular Republicans control the finance committee, and the eight members of that faction, constituting the majority of the committee, are standing together on most questions of party management; but nothing has been so completely demonstrated by recent occurrences as that they have no party majority behind them in the senate.

RECIPROCITY NOW NEAR FINAL WORD

Root Amendment Is Only Rough Place to Get Over —Not Popular.

Washington, June 26.—The fate of the Canadian reciprocity pact in congress may be decided today. The Root amendment is to be acted on, it is expected, in the senate. Friends of the agreement predict with confidence that the amendment is to be rejected.

Such action by the senate is believed to foreshadow passage of the pact without amendment and in the shape in which it came from the state department and as passed by the house.

The Root amendment was the only one accepted by the committee. Should it be defated in the senate, as seems assured, senate leaders assert that no amendment can be tacked to the bill on the floor of the senate.

It is predicted that the Canadian agreement will be disposed of soon. President Taft has made his plans to accompany his family to Beverly the latter part of the week and the pact may have passed the senate by that time.

Taft Going West.

The President is going on a western trip from Beverly. It is not believed he would have made his plans to leave Washington for such a length of time had he not been given assurances that action would have been had on his pet measure before he started.

President Taft arrived in Washington late Saturday night from his New England trip. Sunday morning bright and early he and Secretary Hilles were at the executive offices of the White House going over plans for untangling the situation in the senate.

It was stated Feb. 26 that the President would consider in good faith bills untaxing the necessities of life which congress might put up to him in the extra session. That is President Taft's attitude today. He has not said he would veto any tariff legislation, other than the Canadian reciprocity agreement if amended.

Again High Tariff Wall.

President Taft, on the contrary, will give such measures as the wool bill, the farmers' free list bill and a cotton bill careful consideration.

It is true the President does not want any general tariff legislation until the regular session of congress. But President Taft, as expressed in his speech at Springfield, Ill., in February, is against a high tariff wall, and believes in just enough tariff to protect industries needing protection, and American labor. That is his attitude today. He would prefer that congress let everything of a tariff nature go over until the regular session. By that time the tariff board will have made a report on wool and possibly on the cotton schedules of the present tariff law. But if the farmers' free list bill and the wool bill embody his ideas of protection, which are well known, he will give them as much consideration as though they were strict party measures and conformed in every way with his idea of a protective policy.

While President Taft has little fear of reciprocity failing, either by vote or amendment, he is nevertheless on the alert, and during the week will take up the question with the Republican and Democratic friends of the pact in the senate. The President has reiterated his statement that if the pact is amended he will not hesitate to veto it. He has made it known, also, that he will put the responsibility of a veto where it belongs. He will do this even if it becomes necessary for him to take the stump.

THE MARKET HANGS ON CROPS

Henry Clews Says Situation Is Now at Critical Point.

New York, June 26.—The uncertain movements in the market for stock exchange securities last week were more or less seasonable. That is to say, we have at last definitely reached the stage where our crops are at the critical point; and the future of the market, if, as in the past, it is to be determined by the volume and quality of our farm products, is distinctly at issue, says Henry Clews.

It is worth while for operators to take a close look at the agricultural conditions that now prevail. In the first place, winter wheat has been fully harvested and in quality and quantity is very close to a bumper harvest, if it does not, in fact, reach that distinction. Spring wheat and corn have reached their sensitive point of growth, and protracted drouth has already done some potential damage, which may readily become permanent in the event of necessary rains being much longer delayed. There is a lack of reserve moisture in the spring wheat states, and from South Dakota the best advices indicate that some degree of irreparable damage has already been done, possibly reaching 40 per cent of that state's normal yield. Indications are also present of undesirable conditions in the northern Red River of the North valley, and also in southwestern Minnesota. But in North Dakota as a whole and also Minnesota as a whole the conditions are still in a broad sense ideal, and there remains sufficient leeway for further depression in spring wheat territory as a whole without bringing the outlook down to the level of last year's harvest. In corn, which, of course, is the most important of all of our crops from the stock market viewpoint, the damage thus far is prospective rather than actual. Both corn and spring wheat are particularly early this year—a factor of much importance, since it means less danger from frosts at the tail-end of the season. Hay and oats are not up to the average, which will mean a greater demand for corn as a substitute for these items as feed.

As a general proposition crop damage reports are usually exaggerations and due allowance should be made for this fact. It is worth while recalling that the total spring wheat crop of South Dakota was last year less than 47,000,000 bushels, so that if present predictions are confirmed, and there should be a loss of, say, 40 per cent (or 23,500,000 bushels), it would not be a particularly disastrous matter when we consider that conditions otherwise are so favorable and that the total wheat harvest promises, according to the June report of the department of agriculture, to exceed 764,000,000 bushels.

Cotton.

New York, June 27.—Cotton futures opened steady. June, 14.30c bid; July, 14.47c; August, 14.45c; September, 13.50c; October, 13.13c; December, 13.14c; January, 13.14c; March, 13.20 @13.21c; May, 13.28c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 6@11 points, and during the early trading sold 12 to 18 points net higher, with new crop positions leading the advance on covering of shorts and a more active demand from trade interests. Reports of no rain in Texas and cooler weather, with bullish advices from the west belt were the factors on the new crop advance, while the improvement in the old crop was accompanied by rumors that the near months here were on a shipping parity with foreign markets, and that over half the stockholders would pass on Liverpool contracts should it be shipped. Business was active.

There was enough selling to check the advance during the middle of the morning, and new crop positions eased off slightly from the best, but there were rumors of a bullish national ginners' report. The western belt forecast was for fair weather in Texas and Oklahoma, and with the old crop positions holding well up to the best or about 14 to 17 points net higher, the general market ruled steady at midday with sellers much less aggressive than recently. Spot quiet; middling uplands 14.75c nominal. Estimated receipts at the ports today 2,000 bales against 2,358 last week and 4,256 last year. For the week 8,000 against 7,056 last week and 25,343 last year. Today's receipts at New Orleans 455 against 1,336 last year, and at Houston 132, against 181 last year.

THE MARKETS

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, June 27—The market appears to be dominated largely by climatic conditions, temperatures and rainfalls being the principal factors in regulating the prices of coarse grains. With the exception of oats the local market opened a trifle ff. Weather was reported generally dry, but cooler.

The firmness in wheat displayed Monday somewhat offset the effects of favorable foreign crop conditions and the continued free Russian and Australian offerings. At calls cash wheat opened at 88⅝c or ⅛ off; July was ¼ down at 88⅞c; September at 89¼c was ⅜ lower, and December at 92⅛c was ⅝ lower.

As the day progressed there was a good bulge with July wheat leading. Big bulls bought freely. Bad reports on North Dakota crop prospects were received. Warm weather expected in the northwest. The cash demand continued light. Wheat closes were as follows: Cash 90½c; July 90½c; Sept. 91 1-2c; Dec. 94¼c.

Corn remained unchanged to ¼ lower on the strength of reports of damages from drought and high temperatures in the southwest. July corn opened at 58c or ½ off; Sept. at 60¼c or ⅛ off, and December at 58⅜c a ¼c decrease.

Developments during the day had an upward tendency on the corn market. The hot and dry weather that is expected caused an all around advance. Cash corn closed at 59¼c; July 59¼c; Sept. 61½c; Dec. 60c.

Oats prices maintained the position they assumed on Monday when they took a sharp advance over the prices of the previous week. The oats openings were as follows: July 44½c; Sept. 44¾c; Dec. 46½c. A slight advance in early deliveries was reached soon after the opening.

Northwest complaints about oats prospects couple with the continual heavy buying of the Bartlett crowd at Chicago held oats' prices firm. Closes: Cash 45½c; July 45½c; Sept. 45⅞c; Dec. 47¾c.

Clover seed prices opened as they closed on Monday and during the early morning hours gave no indications of a change. The openings follow: Cash $10.00; October, December and March $8.67½.

Scattered country buying and light offerings during the day contributed to a slight increase in clover seed prices. Closes follows: Cash $10.10; Oct. $9.02½; Dec. $9.02½; March $9.02 1-2; timothy price $5.80; alsike, prime $9.00.

	TOLEDO.			
Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close. J'ne 27 J'e 26
Cash	88⅞	....	....	90½ 89
July	88⅞	90⅝	....	90½ 89¼
Sept.	89⅝	....	....	91¼ 90¼
Dec.	92⅝	....	....	94¼ 93½
Corn—				
Cash	....	....	....	59¼ 58¼
July	58	....	....	59¼ 58½
Sept.	60¼	....	....	61½ 60¼
Dec.	58⅜	....	....	60 59
Oats—				
Cash	....	....	....	45½ 44
July	44½	....	....	45½ 44½
Sept.	44¾	....	....	45¾ 44¾
Dec.	46½	....	....	47¾ 46¼
Closed Seed—				
Cash ...10.00	....	....	....	10.10 10.00
Oct. 8.67½	....	....	....	9.02½ 8.67½
Dec. 8.67½	....	....	....	9.02½ 8.65
March... 8.67½	....	....	....	9.02½ 8.65
Timothy—				
Prime....	....	....	....	5.80 5.75
Alsike—				
Prime....	....	....	....	9.00 9.00
Aug.....	....	....	....	8.80 8.75
	CHICAGO.			
Wheat—				
July	89	91	88½	90¾ 89¼
Sept.	89¼	60¾	88¾	90½ 89¼
Dec.	91	92⅝	91¼	92⅝ 91⅝
Corn—				
July	56⅝	57⅞	56⅜	57⅜ 57
Sept.	58⅜	60¼	58½	60 59
Dec.	58⅜	59⅛	57⅝	59 59⅜
Oats—				
July	42⅝	43⅞	42½	43⅝ 42½
Sept.	43¼	45⅛	43⅝	44⅞ 43⅞
Dec.	45⅜	47	45	46⅞ 45½
	NEW YORK.			
July	94⅝	....	....	95⅝ 95¼
Sept.	95	....	....	96⅛ 95⅝
	ST. LOUIS.			
Wheat—				
July	85⅞	88	85⅞	87⅝ 86¼
Sept.	86⅝	88⅛	....	88 87
	MINNEAPOLIS.			
Wheat—				
July	....	....	....	96¼ 95⅝
Sept.	....	....	....	96⅞ 96
	DULUTH.			
Wheat—				
July	....	....	....	97⅛ 96
Sept.	....	....	....	97⅝ 96
	CHICAGO PROVISIONS.			
Pork—				
July	15.45	15.50	15.27	15.32 15.55
Sept.	15.50	15.60	15.25	15.40 15.52
Lard—				
July	8.20	....	....	8.15 8.20
Sept.	8.37	....	....	8.30 8.33
Ribs—				
July	8.32	....	....	8.22 8.32
Sept.	8.37	8.42	....	8.35 8.40
Jan.	7.60	....	....	7.90 7.80

Money and Stocks.

New York, June 27.—Wall Street—Union Pacific and United States Steel were the active features of the market at the opening today. Each gained 1-2 on transactions of large amounts. The general market was firm, prices as a rule remaining about on a level with yesterday's close.

Realizing sales had no appreciable effect on prices and the list when substantially higher. The jump in the Erie and Minneapolis, St. Paul & Sault Ste. Marie led to the reports of tariffic agreements. In the more active section. Union Pacific and Reading were conspicuously strong, and the whole market in fact presented a good front.

Operations in the stock market were listless during the morning, although some of the issues fluctuated widely. Heavy buying of Union Pacific and United States Steel in the first hour, gave an appearance of activity to the market, but when this demand had subsided prices fell away, and the tone became rather weak. United States Steel was bought in large amounts by London after the close there, although the stock was not active in the London market, and it was reported that the purchases were for the account of a large Chicago operator. The decline in the second hour was assisted by a fall of over a point in American Smelting. Much of the earlier advance was cancelled, and Southern Pacific receded to slightly below yesterday's close. Near midday the market again hardened fractionally. Bonds were steady, except for American Tobacco 4's which were sold freely.

New York Stocks.

Stocks.	New York June 27. Open.	High.	Low.	Close.
Atl. Coast Line	128	129	129	129
Am. Loco com	41¾	41¾	41¼	41¼
Atchison	114¾	114⅝	113¾	113⅞
Am. Car & F. Co	57	57	57	57
Anaconda	40¼	40½	40¼	40½
Amal. Copper	70¼	70⅝	69⅝	70
Am. Smelters	78¾	78¾	78¾	78¾
Am. Tel & Tel	148¾	149	148½	148½
Am. Tobacco pfd	96	96	95½	95½
Am. Beet Sugar	54¼	54¾	53¾	54
Balt. and Ohio	108¾	108¾	108¼	108¾
B'klyn R. Trans	81¾	82¼	80¾	81⅝
Chicago and G. W.	23⅝	24	23½	23½
Chicago G. W. pfd	45½	46	45½	46
Canadian Pac.	241¾	242	241¼	241½
Clover Leaf	22½	22⅞	22½	22⅝
Clover Leaf pfd	49¾	50¼	49¾	50¼
Colorado Fuel	35	35	35	35
Ches. & Ohio	84¼	84¼	83¾	83¾
Central Leather	30¾	30¾	29¾	30¾
Consolidated Gas	146¾	146¾	146	146
Corn Product. com	15¼	15⅜	14⅞	15¼
Del. & Hudson	171¾	171¾	171¾	171¾
Erie com	36¾	37¼	36¾	37⅜
Erie 1st pfd	57½	58	57½	58
Erie 2d pfd	47	47

ALASKAN COAL CLAIMS THROWN OUT; MORGAN AND GUGGENHEIM LOSE

THAT ALASKA COAL CASE

Thirty-three claims, of 160 acres each, on Alaska coal lands, are taken out by a group of western men.

Clarence Cunningham is the promoter

The federal government allows individuals to stake out such claims, but forbids the exploitation of the land by a syndicate.

To get around the law the men who take out the claims are represented to be individuals working separately.

The government proves that plans are laid to form a syndicate as soon as the claims are approved.

Through Cunningham, the Morgan-Guggenheim interests get an option on all the claims.

Former Secretary of the Interior Ballinger supported the claims as legal.

The present department of the interior declares the claims to be illegally held and throws them out.

Washington, June 26.—The famous Cunningham Alaskan coal land claims, through which it has been alleged that the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate had planned to extend their vast interests in Alaska and to control one of the most valuable coal fields in the world, were today finally disallowed by the department of the interior.

Secretary of the Interior Walter L. Fisher, having approved the department's decision, as handed down by Fred Dennett, commissioner of the land office, the last door is believe dto have been closed to the Cunningham claimants.

Threaten An Appeal.

Their attorneys have threatened an appeal to the United States supreme court, but such an appeal can be based only on some point of law involved, and not on the findings of fact as announced by the department.

The Cunningham claims have been in the public eye constantly for more than two years.

They brought about the Ballinger-Pinchot investigation by congress and the dismissal from the public service of Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, Louis R. Glavis, a chief of field division in the land office and several minor officials. Both Messrs. Pinchot and Glavis were dismissed for insubordination incident to their attacks on Former Secretary Ballinger, whom they claim was favorably disposed toward the claims.

In announcing the decision of the department today Secretary Fisher, who succeeded Mr. Ballinger in March last, declared that new coal land laws are needed in Alaska if that territory is to be developed properly. In a statement the secretary said:

"This Is Final."

"This is a final decision of the Cunningham claims so far as the department of the interior is concerned. Any further proceedings will be merely formal after the purpose of perfecting the record in case the claimants think there are questions of law which they desire to present to the courts. It is my understanding that it is conceded that the findings upon the facts by the department are conclusive.

"It is the intention of the department to proceed at once to a final determination of all the remaining Alaskan coal claims so far as this can properly be done, denying those that should be denied, and granting those that should be granted as rapidly as possible.

Condemns Present Laws.

"I do not believe the present laws applicable to coal lands in Alaska are wise or practicable laws. Nevertheless, their provisions must be enforced, first, because they are the law and second, because they afford the only protection to the public welfare against the abuses of monopoly and unrestricted private exploitation.

"I sincerely trust that these laws will be modified at the next session of congress, so as to permit the development of the Alaskan coal fields under provisions that will more adequately protect and promote the public interest. If, however, there are claims now pending which, under the existing law are entitled to patent, I see no justification for not taking action upon them as promptly as the department can be assured that it is in possession of the facts upon which such action must ultimately be taken."

Commissioner Dennett, in his decision holding the claims for cancellation on the ground of fraud, declares that each of the 33 entries was improperly allowed because of fatal defects apparent on their face. He asserts that the government conclusively established the charges brought against the claimants, and that there is no doubt but that an agreement existed among them in violation of law.

The 33 claims involved amounted to an aggregate area of 5,280 acres. The value of the land has been estimated high in the millions. The coal embraced in the claims is said to be among the finest in the world.

Refers to Glavis.

Commissioner Dennett makes frequent reference to the work of Glavis in prosecuting the government's case against the Cunningham claimants. He also refers at length to the negotiations between Cunningham and representatives of the Gugenheims, who were shown at the Ballinger-Pinchot hearing to have taken an option on these coal lands, which were to be worked in connection with the other extensive Guggenheim interests in Alaska.

The government charged against Cunningham and his associates that their entries of the coal land were made in pursuance of an understanding and agreement entered into by all the claimants prior to location, to combine the several claims for the joint use and benefit of all. It was further claimed that the entries were made with the unlawful purpose that they should inure to the use and benefit of an association or corporation.

No Legal Standing.

After reviewing all the facts brought out at the various trials and hearings in the cases, extending over a period of several years and including the final hearing recently attended by Secretary Fisher himself, Commissioner Dennett reached the conclusion that the claims had no legal standing and ordered them cancelled.

Secretary Fisher promptly approved this finding, although to complete the record he must do so formally upon appeal to him.

NO COMBINATION IDEA IS CALLED ABSURD

Washington, June 26.—Among the Cunningham coal claimants are a number of the prominent men of the northwest. Commissioner Dennett refers to them as having sufficient means to have carried forward extensive coal operations in Alaska. The various claimants were interested in the Alaskan coal situation in 1902 by Clarence Cunningham, who made the various filings and conducted most of the negotiations. The claims once were clear-listed for patent, but final action was held up at the request of Glavis.

"There seems to be no doubt," said Commissioner Dennett, in his decision, "that in the beginning the participants were 'subscribers' for joint 'interests' and not owners of separate 'claims' and that the substantial character of the transaction never changed. In 1905 they were still 'co-owners' of a single property, although in order to acquire it each particular claim had been allotted to a particular individual and had been entered by him in his name."

Planned a Corporation.

The original agreement with the Guggenheims contemplated the formation of a corporation as soon as the titles were secured. This plan gave the Guggenheims the right to mine the coal on a royalty basis. The Guggenheims also were to build a railroad from the mines to the coast. As finally entered into the agreement with the Guggenheims for a sale aroused serious objection from several of the claimants.

"The fact," says Commissioner Dennett, "that it was represented to the Guggenheims that there were 33 independent claimants to be reckoned with in no wise strengthens the defense. It is not to be supposed that any sane men representing these entrymen as a committee would suggest to a prospective purchaser of the property that the claims were illegal and the several entries subject to forfeiture.

"That all the work so far done was paid for from the common fund is not denied. It is admitted by the claimants and frankly stated in the brief of their counsel that one claim of 160 acres cannot be profitably worked, that sometime and somehow the claims must be operated together. Is it reasonable to suppose that business men would agree to the common investment of their moneys to jointly explore a coal field in Alaska with the understanding that the several claims should be operated separately, or with no understanding with respect thereto? Would they consent to spend money jointly where there was to be no common profit.

Prove Agreement?

Knowing that an area of 160 acres could not be successfully operated and that the greater the area the more valuable the property, would men connected by ties of blood have consented that their claims be scattered throughout the field? Would men who had been associated together as partners since their youth and who had grown rich together have agreed to the placing of their claims at remote distances from each other? If each claimant was to receive a single tract and no interest in any other, would Cunningham have located the great majority of the men who first went into the scheme and made its success possible on the timber claims of the southern tier, claims which possessed but little value as compared with the others?

"If there was no prior agreement would Clarence Cunningham in April, 1907, before many of the certificates were issued, have entered into negotiations with the Guggenheims looking to the disposition of the combined properties?

MUSICAL COMPOSER DEAD

Bruce O. Klein Dies in New York, Aged 53.

New York, June 24.—Bruno Oscar Klein, composer, conductor and teacher of music, is dead. He was born in Germany 53 years ago, studied music and composition in Munich and in 1883 came to New York. He was the composer of many songs and other musical works, instrumental and vocal.

WELLS-FARGO TO GET RIVAL LINES

Pacific Express Co., With 1,200 Offices, Will Be Taken Over After July 31.

The Wells-Fargo Express Co., on July 31 at midnight, will take over all the offices and business of the Pacific Express Co., one of its strongest competitors.

Rumors of the merger have been current for some time, but last Saturday the first authentic announcement of the consolidation was made when the local manager of all the offices of both companies were apprised of the union of the two big concerns through a circular received by them.

J. V. Keeler, the Toledo manager of the Wells-Fargo Co., was one of those to receive the circular, which gave the information that on July 31 the company will absorb the Pacific Express Co. with its 1,200 offices scattered throughout the country.

The merger means that express traffic on thousands of miles of track will go into the hands of the Wells-Fargo Co., making it the largest express concern in the country and giving it by far a greater mileage than any other. The Pacific Express Co. has been in the field for 43 years and is especially entrenched in the west.

Some of the interurban lines affected are the Western Ohio, the Springfield, Troy & Piqua, the Dayton & Troy, the Toledo, Bowling Green & Southern, the Toledo, Fremont & Fostoria. The steam roads involved are the Ann Arbor, the Wabash, the Iron Mountain, the Missouri Pacific and all the so-called Gould roads, the Erie, the Chicago & Great Western, the Southern Pacific and the Chicago, Milwaukee & Puget Sound.

The interurbans and the Gould lines mentioned belong to the Pacific Express company and their express business will now go to the Well-Fargo company. The Pacific Express company has had the express business of the other roads for years.

The Toledo office of the Wells-Fargo company has been doing a "tonnage" business out of Toledo ever since the Wheeling & Lake Erie was absorbed by the Wabash. The express concern had the Wheeling, but lost it to the Pacific when the Goulds got possession of the road. Ten years ago the Wells-Fargo lost the Toledo & Ohio Central, the United States Express company outbidding it when its T. & O. C. lease expired. The Wheeling and the T. & O. C. where the Wells-Fargo's two direct lines into this city. The local business of the company has been carried out of Toledo by other express companies on a tonnage basis.

J. V. Keeler will, it is expected remain in charge of the merged offices, while R. H. Kirtland, cashier of the same company, will continue to occupy the same position. J. F. Kennedy is locel manager of the Pacific Express Co. while Karl J. DeWitt is cashier. The Pacific Express Co.'s office at 619 Madison avenue will be moved to the office of the Wells-Fargo Co. at 142 Summit street.

GOOD HEALTH IN THE WILDS

Journalist Grew Hale and Strong in Mexico.

New York, June 27.—Michael Williams, author, journalist and authority on matters of health, has returned to New York after months in Mexico, camping with the insurrectos and exploring among savage, reputedly cannibalistic tribes along the Gulf of Lower California. A group of newspaper men were rather chaffing him at the Press club about the possibility of keeping up, when in the wilds, the principles explained in Good Health and How We Won It, which Williams wrote with Upton Sinclair. But Williams declared that never in his life had he been able to live a healthier life than in the most barbarous communities.

"You see, it's really very simple. Placidinty of mind and 'chawing'—Fletcherizing—with outdoor sleeping, bathing and just a few simple things are all there is to it, and I never found any difficulty in applying those, whether living among cannibals on Tiburon Isle or among, well, call them commercial cannibals, at the Hoffman house. If you get fed dog meat—just Fletcherize it. I'm glad that Fletcher is writing another book. It will emphasize his past work, and perhaps a few more people who have to eat dog meat—or too elaborate entrees at Murray's or Sherry's—will be careful to work their jaws not merely conversationally."

SOLDIERS IN LONELY DUEL

Baltimore Barracks Scene of Battle Over Woman.

Baltimore, June 26. — Behind locked doors and with no eye to mark whether play was fair or foul, two soldiers, Corporal James Smith and Private Arthur Rector, fought out a grudge with sword bayonets in their barracks at Fort Howard. Rector was badly cut about the legs and back, but Smith escaped with a gash under the eye. Seventeen stitches were taken in one of the wounds in Rector's leg and 21 in another. Their feud dated from a dance of last Thanksgiving day, when they quarreled about a woman.

Smith was in the barracks alone in a remote room. Rector entered and locked the door. There was no need for speech. Both knew the time had come for a settlement and they were ready and eager. Smith was bred in the mountains of Kentucky and Rector was reared in North Carolina.

The first their messmates knew of the fight was when they heard sounds of the conflict in the room. They burst in the door and found the contestants on the floor in a deadlock, each striving for the throat grip, which meant victory. Both were practically exhausted.

STOCKING OF GOLD BURSTS

Woman's Treasure Scattered When She Mounts Trolley Car.

Seattle, Wash., June 27.—Miss Rose Culver, a woman real estate broker, is out about $300 as a result of her stocking bursting, scattering gold coins and bills over the pavement. The gold was heavy, but the stocking would doubtless have held it had it not been for the new style of street cars recently adopted.

The steps are high, and as Miss Culver attempted to mount the seam of one stocking parted, letting loose a shower of gold. Much of the gold was picked up by persons who as yet have not answered the reward notices published by the real estate dealer.

MADERO SHOWS BIG SPIRIT

Will Make Reyes War Secretary if He's Elected President.

Mexico City, June 23.—Two changes in President De la Barra's cabinet were agreed on today. Minister of Justice Hernandez and Minister of Fomento Calero will exchange places. This is merely a friendly action, each believing he can do the other's work better. That other changes were contemplated was denied.

To check a growing distrust in Gen. Reyes, Madero stated he intended to make Reyes minister of war if elected president.

From Cuernavaca came the report today that many of Zapata's men seized the Methodist church and used it for a place of amusement, including dancing. The district superintendent started for that place tonight. He will ask the men to find another place for their dances. Otherwise the city is quiet.

THIS MONOPLANE A RUNAWAY

First Antics of the Kind Recorded in Aviation.

New York, June 27.—Miss Harriet Quinby left her Bleriot monoplane standing unattended for a few moments on the Mineola, L. I., Aviation field A mechanician in passing gave the propeller a twist. Things immediately began to happen.

The spark had not been turned off at the motor, and with the twist of the propeller the engine started. The mechanician fell flat to the ground and the monoplane passed over him, driven by the propeller's speed of a thousand revolutions a minute. By the time the mechanician got to his feet again the aeroplane was a hundred feet down the field, with students from the Molsant school in hot pursuit

The pursuers never headed the machine, however. It ran straightaway for a distance, then began to describe great circles, which continued until it dived into a ditch. This jammed the propeller into a bank and damaged one of the wings, effectually stopping the machine's career as a runaway.

IN COMFORT, ROCKS OFF ROOF

Seeking Air, New Yorker Finds Probable Death.

New York, June 27.—Theodore McMurray complained to his wife last evening of the closeness of the air in their flat at No. 523 West Twenty-seventh street. He thereupon carried a rocking chair to the roof of the five-story building and settled himself for an hour of comfort.

McMurray had been on the roof but a short time when he rocked too far back. The chair upset and McMurray was pitched over the edge of the roof, striking the pavement head first. When he was removed to the New York hospital it was found his skull had been fractured and that he had internal injuries also. No hope of his recovery is held.

BANKER BEHIND SMUGGLING GAME

Collector Loeb After Bigger Game Than Men Who Gave Gems to Charmer.

New York, June 27.—That Collector Loeb is gunning for far bigger game than the two millionaires, who, it is alleged, smuggled a fortune in jewels into the country after having presented them to the charming Helen D. Jenkins, then of Chicago, but now of New York, came to light yesterday when Richard Parr, deputy surveyor of the port, declared that the smuggling was made possible through the connivance of a New York banker of great wealth, who succeeded in having admitted, duty free, goods of enormous value. It was to convict this banker that the other two men were so assiduously pursued by the government agents.

The treasury department does not even attempt to guess how much these smuggling operations have cost the government, but it was learned from a reliable source that the frauds will reach into the millions.

Tens of Millions.

So powerful was this man that, prior to the Loeb administration, he was able to name the officers who were to inspect trunks which contained the smuggled goods. Granting that the government's loss runs into the millions, it requires but a rudimentary knowledge of arithmetic to determine that the goods brought in reached in value tens of millions.

The jewels smuggled in for Mrs. Jenkins were only a few drops in the bucket," said Mr. Parr yesterday. "The real people back of the whole affair are not the men who succeed in getting these gems into the country free of duty, but the man who showed them how to do it. We have been on his trail for over a year and hope to land him in prison.

Will Ask Indictment.

"Because of the premature exposure of the Jenkins smuggling plot, due to bungling on the part of a private detective agency, it is doubtful whether the government will now be able to gather enough evidence to bring about the indictment of the banker in question. The federal grand jury will be asked to indict Nathan Allen, multimillionaire leather manufacturer of Kenosha, Wis., and John R. Collins, wealthy coal operator of Nashville, Tenn., on the charge of smuggling Mrs. Jenkins' gems, but it is feared that the real culprit may escape. No stone will be left unturned, however, and evidence may be developed by the grand jury investigation which will lead to the arrest of the man most wanted."

WOMAN IN CASE SAID TO HAVE LIVED IN SANDUSKY

Sandusky, O., June 27.—Mrs. Helen Dwelle-Jenkins, the mysterious woman in smuggling operations involving millions now claiming the attention of federal authorities in New York, is said by friends here to be a former resident of Sandusky.

She was divorced some years ago by Lee F. Dwelle, a son of one of the oldest and most prominent families in northern Ohio. Dwelle is at present in Louisville, Ky., and is an official of the L. & N. railroad. Several years ago when Mrs. Dwelle-Jenkins became involved in trouble that brought her into prominence, Dwelle, interviewed at Louisville, refused to admit that he ever knew her. He expressed a desire to be overlooked in newspaper accounts of the trouble.

DIPLOMACY AND NATIONAL HONOR

Honduran Treaty Backed by "Taint of Dollars" Intended to Safeguard U. S.

Washington, June 25.—The Honduras treaty is now before the senate for ratification. The indications are that it will be debated in open session of the senate instead of in executive session, as is customary, and the fullest publicity be afforded as to its objects and purposes. Upon the disposition of this treaty will largely depend our future diplomatic dealings with the republics in the south.

The state department negotiated the treaty with the view to establishing closer relations with Central American countries, and by keeping a hand upon the administration of the fiscal affairs of these somewhat turbulent nations, prevent uprisings that call for intervention, and thereby secure permanent peace. Most of the revolutions that have kept Central America in a ferment in the past have been revolutions for pap, pay and patrimony office. The patriots who wish to become connected with the government pay roll, and see no peaceable way to accomplish this result, start a revolution, and plead the unsatisfactory state of the government's finances, as their justification.

In a sincere effort to straighten out the financial difficulties of our neighbors to the south, the American state department has negotiated the Honduras treaty as a companion measure to the loan agreement by which American financial interests are planning to refund part of the national debt of that country. A treaty with Nicaragua has been negotiated along similar lines, and others with Central and South American countries are in contemplation.

"Dollar Diplomacy."

The fact that American bankers are a party to the negotiation, in so far as taking over government securities of Honduras are concerned, has led to the phrase "dollar diplomacy" being applied to these negotiations. Senators who oppose the plan whisper the names "Morgan" and "Wall Street," and immediately condemn the whole enterprise. This prejudice is admittedly the greatest obstacle in the way of successfully carrying through the treaties.

The state deparment is facing the somewhat disagreeable task of proving that "dollar diplomacy" may be very satisfactory and practical diplomacy, promising well for both countries.

As a background for the present negotiations stands a very venerable and a very much revered national policy known as the Monroe doctrine. To permit revolution and tumult to go hand in hand with repudiation of national debts when these national securities, which represent these debts, happen to be owned in Europe, is to invite complications on account of the Monroe doctrine.

If the argument of "Dollar Diplomacy" shall lend the United States to decline to encourage bankers to take the securities of the countries situated near the Panama Canal, and to lend its diplomatic assistance in the collection of the debts so incurred, then one of two things is bound to happen. The United States will some day be confronted with a demand from Europe for permission to intervene in behalf of its citizens who hold the obligations of these countries, which would amount to an invasion of the Monroe doctrine; or we would be compelled to lend ourselves to the task of collecting the money for foreign creditors. That was the problem we faced in 1903 in the case of Santo Domingo.

Not to Be Catspaw.

The state department is asking the Senate to ratify these treaties so that in the event of a Central American country failing to meet its obligations, we will use our efforts in behalf of our own people, and not be made an unwilling collecting agency for foreign creditors.

Southern and Western bankers will be urged to subscribe for the bonds of the country to be affected, by future treaties, and thereby show their faith in the good intentions of the state department, and also take a part in re-establishing closer commercial relations with South and Central America.

Direct intervention in the affairs of Central American republics is to be averted, it is claimed, by this plan. In the case of Santo Domingo, intervention and possibly military occupation has been averted, by the operation of the treaty, and the control of the custom houses. The Honduras treaty was an improvement over the Santo Domingo convention, and that with Nicaragua is said to be better than either of the other two.

The opinion held by the state department is that the treaties impose no obligations upon this government, which does not exist independently of the treaty. Some of these obligations are inherent in the geographical location of the parties, and the relations of both to the Panama Canal.

The United States would certainly not be disposed now to abate its insistence upon the observation of the Monroe doctrine, and permit a foreign country to administer the custom houses of nations contiguous to the canal, and by this means obtain something of a foothold in such a strategic position.

The administration and the state department believe that the treaties now before the senate, are the safest way to avoid such complications. They expect the satisfactory working of the Santo Domingo treaty will be duplicated in these other countries.

The state department is eager to lend its aid in converting Central America from a "happy hunting ground" for American adventurers into a safe and secure place for investment and permanent development.

Secretary of State Knox believes the way to preserve peace in Central America is to remove the finances of those countries from domestic control. When the finances now become involved a political upheaval is almost sure to follow. As showing the practical working of the new scheme of fiscal control, it may be stated that when a condition of restlessnes recently developed in Hayti, the state department of this country, through the suggestion that since we were interested in collecting the revenues of then ation, we would prefer that any difficulties should be arbitrated.

MONTANA FOR GOOD ROADS

Missouli, Mont., June 27.—The problem of improved highways will be discussed in all its phases by the road-building experts and others who gathered in this city today for the second annual meeting of the Montana Good Roads congress. The sessions will last two days. Scientific building and repairing of roadways will be given attention.

MORMON TELLS OF SUGAR DEAL

Washington, June 27.—The story of the alliance of the Mormon church and the Henry O. Havemeyer interests in the beet sugar business was told and the deal characterized as entirely legal by Joseph F. Smith, president of the Mormon church and of the Utah-Idaho Sugar Co., before the house "sugar trust" investigating committee today.

The head of the church explained how Mormon affairs are conducted, how its funds come principally from the tithes of its people, how they are systematically accounted for, and asserted that the interests of the Mormon people are safeguarded at all times.

The committee made no effort to pry into the affairs of the church except in so far as they related to business matters.

The venerable representative of the Mormon hierarchy said the deal with Havemeyer was not considered important enough for formal consideration by the council of the church, but was effected with the acquiescence of the church officials.

DELAYS PACT TO FORCE TARIFF IN

Washington, June 27.—An attempt by Chairman Penrose of the senate finance committee to fix July 24 for a vote on the Canadian reciprocity bill was defeated in the senate today through Senator La Follette's objection.

The debate indicated that a portion of the Republican insurgents and some Democrats will fight to have the wool revision and the free list bills passed first, so that the president will have to act on them before the senate passes the reciprocity bill.

Senator Townsend, of Michigan, carefully prepared his pro-riciprosity speech, the delivery of which today he gave notice to the senate last week. Mr. Townsend has taken more or less part in the debate on the bill and his speech was expected to be one of the features of the discussion.

Under a unanimous consent agreement the senate late yesterday afternoon, after six hours spent in debate, voted on the Root amendment to the reciprocity bill, and defeated it by a viva voce vote. The measure would have nullified for an indefinite period all that the house bill accomplished toward the importation of print paper and wood pulp into the country.

Sherman Prevents Roll Call.

The vote is considered a victory for tariff revision, the more so as many of the senators who spoke and voted against the Root amendment had for a time contemplated voting for it simply to jeopardize the final passage of reciprocity.

It was due to the influence of Vice President Sherman that a roll-call was prevented. Leaving the chair, he circulated about the chamber urging upon members of both sides the needlessness of putting senators on record as supporting the doomed amendment.

When the vote was finally taken, however, he was evidently still afraid some one would demand a yea and nay vote, for he hurried through the formula with unaccustomed speed and quickly recognized Mr. Curtis, of Kansas, who promptly moved adjournment.

All Sides Voted.

As far as could be judged from the galleries, the vote against the amendment came mostly from the Democratic side, though many Republicans, including regulars, pledged to the President to defeat all amendments and insurgents opposed to reciprocity in any form, voted with them. The vote for the amendment was scattering, but apparently stronger than had been expected.

ROYALTY IN GALA ARRAY AT SHOW

London, June 27.—One of the most magnificent spectacles in connection with the coronation was the command performance last night in Covent Garden, the interior of which was transformed into a veritable floral palace wreathed about England's fairest flower.

Those privileged to be within the great auditorium will long remember the gorgeous scintillating picture, the fragrance of 100,000 perfect rose blooms, the noble company of men and women, representing the royalty of the world, and all the most distinguished in British official and social life, who filled every box and stall.

The king and queen drove from Buckingham palace in a state coach, escorted by Life Guards. On their arrival their majesties were received by the chief state officers and escorted to the royal box, the whole audience rising. The royal box consisted of 10 boxes in the center grand tier, thrown into one, providing 100 seats, nearly all of which were occupied by guests of royal rank. Flanking the royal box were two other large boxes occupied by 100 representatives of foreign countries, in gorgeous uniforms, and the representatives of the dominions. About half the stalls were allotted to the suites of the distinguished guests.

In point of picturesque attire, the Indian princes, glittering with jewels, were easily first, eclipsing the royalties in their most splendid uniforms. Special American Ambassador Hammond sat in the second row of the royal box between the Duke of Connaught and the Grand Duchess of Hesse, his plain evening dress rendering him conspicuous by contrast. Mrs. Hammond sat in the diplomatic box to the right. She wore a costume of gold cloth, yellow and white diamante trimming, with gold lace on the bodice. Her jewels were emeralds and diamonds.

The king was in an admiral's uniform and wore the Order of the Garter. The queen's gown was of delicate pink over which the blue riband of the Garter showed in marked relief. On her bosom were the twin stars of Africa, on her head a diamond fleur de lis and a Maltese cross. The queen was escorted to the royal box by Crown Prince Frederick William of Germany, and the German Crown Princess entered on the arm of his majesty. Although rain again fell, dense crowds gathered outside Covent Garden to witness the arrival and departure of their majesties and the royal visitors. After the performance the royal guests, special envoys and members of the diplomatic corps attended a ball given by the Duke and Duchess of Westminster at Grosvenor house.

GARFIELD'S FOR CHARTER REFORM

His Letter at Cleveland Civic Meeting Urges Recall in New Constitution.

Cleveland, June 24.—Ohio will have a new constitution, as broad and impartial as it will be long, if the Cuyahoga delegation at the constitutional convention in 1912 has the say. Such is the trend of opinion expressed at the conference of municipal associations relative to selection of delegates, held at Telling's banquet hall last night.

After a number of speakers had been heard on the various problems to be dealt with at the convention, a committee of 26 members, appointed by the particular interest with which they were affiliated, was selected to take up the original business of the meeting and report at the call of John H. Clark, acting as chairman, to a similar gathering.

There was some opposition to so large a committee, but the will of the majority prevailed. The Chamber of Commerce was not represented at last night's gathering for the reason that it was in violation of that body's constitution to be come involved in political matters. It has not yet been decided just when the committee will begin its investigation for selection of the 10 delegates from this county.

Favor Progressive Issues.

Sentiment of the gathering would indicate the embodiment in the new state constitution, if possible, all that makes for the protection of the independent voter and all other progressive issues. Woman's suffrage, as well as state suffrage for the negro, now granted to that race by reason of a provision of the federal constitution only, will receive attention.

James R. Garfield and F. A. Henry, who were to have spoken, were unable to be present, but communications sent by them were applauded by the 120 members present at the dinner.

The purpose of the constitution, Garfield said in his paper, which was read by Mayo Fesler, secretary of the Cleveland Municipal association, was to provide a plan under which a free people might work out the difficult task of self-government. While recent legislative scandals have shaken public faith in representative government, he said he did not consider it a failure. He blamed lack of good methods of providing representatives for such condition.

Urges Referendum.

He came out squarely for consideration of the short ballot proposals and the initiative, referendum and recall as follows:

'The purpose of the recall is to provide a more ready method to get rid of the inefficient or crooked official. If that official be a judge the greater reason for his removal. There is no surer way to teach disrespect to courts than to keep such men on the bench. While I realize the necessity of protecting the courts, I ask are we satisfied with the present system? I for one, am not—hence I urge thorough consideration."

The question as to whether a new constitution shall grant limited or broad powers to the legislature was next taken up by Garfield. He mentioned for consideration regulation of publis utilities, supervision of corporations, workmen's compensation, old age pensions and municipal ownership.

"This brief survey of the situation," continued Garfield, "shows the importance of the convention—the need of choosing delegates who will be free from influence by or obligation to the special interests. The danger is real. They will seek to control the convention as they have interfered with legislation in both state and nation."

He had too many instances to the contrary to agree, he said, with the statement attributed to Senator Burton that specail interests do not influence political action.

Nomination of well-qualified men, simplification of government, selection of judges in "sympathy with the genius of the age and vigilant, honest, wise citizenship," were urged by him in conclusion.

Goff for Equal Suffrage.

"We welcome the impending struggle if it be for a righteous purpose," said F. H. Goff, the first speaker. "If it be for the gain of the private interests we regret it. We must guard against such a possibility. One thing which must be attended to is classification of property for the purpose of taxation. The present laws make liars of mankind."

Goff made his debut as a suffragist—advocating elimination of the clause which gives suffrage to "white" male persons, only. Someone, he said, might be brave enough to suggest that the word "male" be dropped. Harry D. Thomas, secretary of the Cleveland Federation of Labor, expressed the carefully formulated platform—it seemed more a demand, as he gave it—upon which the labor delegates stand. Labor's program was comprehensive, making fro almost all so-called progressive measures on the informal legislative calender.

One thing asked brought criticism from M. P. Mooney, member of the civil service commission, later. It was inhibition in the right of courts to issue injunctions in cases of labor disputes e. g., strikes.

Motion for appointment of a committee was first made by Rabbi Moses Gries. This was amended to make it representative to each interest in the organization. A discussion, pro and con, in which M. A. Marks, Max Hayes and others took part, followed, Marks proposing a substitute amendment for a committee of five, naming them. He withdrew this, saying: "If the liquor league and the anti liquor league agree on this proposition, I'll have sense enough to withdraw."

Clark was named chairman ex-officio of the committee until organized.

GETS NICKEL FOR SAVING LIFE

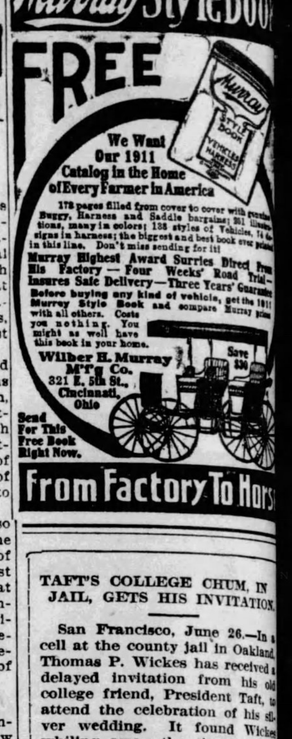
Man, Rescued, Gives Guard Dime and Takes Change.

Los Angeles, June 21.—According to a little business transaction which took place yesterday at Ocean Park between a life guard, Charles Bassett, and Geo. Hagerland, after the former saved the life of the visitor, 5 cents was sufficient valuation to place upon a life.

Hagerland, who is from New York, went to beyond his depth in the surf and called for help. Bassett responded and succeeded after a struggle in bringing the man safely to shore.

Hagerland gave a dime to the man who had saved his life. Bassett accepted the coin and handed back 5 cents, with the remark:

"Here's your change."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TAFT'S COLLEGE CHUM, IN JAIL, GETS HIS INVITATION

San Francisco, June 26.—In a cell at the county jail in Oakland, Thomas P. Wickes has received a delayed invitation from his old college friend, President Taft, to attend the celebration of his silver wedding. It found Wickes whiling away the time with his cell mate at a game of cards. Back of the invitation lies the friendship of student days in 1878 in Yale, where Taft and Wickes were classmates in the law department. Wickes has had a varied career since he left Yale. For years he was a noted lawyer in New York. After a time he drifted west and practiced law at San Francisco. He was arrested at the instance of a restaurant man on the charge of passing a fictitious check for $15.

STEPHENSON BOUGHT SEAT

Wisconsin Assembly Concurs in Resolution Demanding Probe.

Madison, Wis., June 21.—The lower house of the Wisconsin legislature yesterday concurred in the Blaine joint resolution declaring Senator Isaac Stephenson bought his seat in the United States Senate and requested that body to investigate his election. The resolution went through the senate last week and will be signed by the officers of the two houses of the legislature and forwarded to Washington by the secretary of state early next week.

LAWYER'S FEE PAID WITH GIRL

Attorney Demands Daughter Wife Father Asks for Bill.

New York, June 27.—Two months ago it was time for Irving Rosenberg, attorney, to present his yearly bill for legal services performed for Marcus Stein, wholesale butcher.

"What do I owe you?" Stein asked.

"Your daughter," was the reply.

When the father had got over the surprise he found that Miss Mathilde Stein, 20 years old, had had quite an important a place in Rosenberg's thoughts during the year as Stein's extensive business interests had. The father's approval of the match was given promptly.

Last night Miss Stein became Mrs. Rosenberg. Mr. and Mrs. Rosenberg will spend their honeymoon in Europe.

DAILIES WAR IN LOS ANGELES

Owner of Express to Start One Cent Morning Paper

Los Angeles, Cal., June 26—Prospects of a newspaper war involving the multimillionaires has caused a stir in Los Angeles newspaperdom. E. T. Earl, owner of the Los Angeles Express, plans to start a 1 cent morning newspaper July 1 to fight the Los Angeles Times, owned by Gen. Harrison Gray Otis.

The Los Angeles Examiner, owned by W. R. Hearst and his associates, has bought the Associated Press franchise of the Los Angeles Herald.

The Herald's editor-in-chief, T. Gibbon, has retired, being succeeded by F. F. Peard, recently of Baltimore, who plans an invasion of the evening field with the Herald plant.

MAY HOLD CONFERENCE

Senators Want to Get Together on Reciprocity and Tariff.

Washington, June 26.— Senate Democratic leaders said today they expect an early conference of Democratic senators for the purpose of agreeing on some program on reciprocity and tariff. They said the time had not been fixed but that this would be the practical way to arrive at an understanding. That the outcome will be a decision to pass the reciprocity agreement without change is practically certain.

Senator Stone of Missouri, who will lead the Democratic fight for reciprocity, was even more emphatic than ever in declaring the agreement must not be amended.

"It must be passed without the crossing of a 't' or the dotting of an 'i,'" said Senator Stone. "Most of us side feel that way about it. After that is done, we can turn our attention to other tariff matters."

He added that what was done in the way of revision depended on whether the insurgent Republicans would cooperate.

Asked about the length of the session, he said adjournment appeared about like an object looked at from a big end of a spyglass, extremely remote.

Senator Cummins, who, with Senator La Follette, will lead in the effort to pass the reciprocity agreement amended with general tariff revision, when questioned about the situation, admitted that as it stands now, most of the Democrats will oppose amendment of the reciprocity agreement.

"The Democrats will play politics," said Senator Cummins. "They do not want to get rid of the tariff as an issue in the next campaign. If they can be convinced that this issue will do them no good they may consent to vote for amendment of the agreement through a comprehensive bill including reciprocity and **revision of import schedules.**"